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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1913.

The Week

To make the Constitution of the United States easier to amend is a proposal that would have had a better chance of attracting attention a few years ago than it has now. The wind has been taken out of its sails by the simple demonstration that has been given of the actual fact concerning the present amendableness of the Constitution. The income tax amendment and the amendment providing for election of Senators by the people had very easy going as soon as the movement in favor of these changes became really serious. The resolution about to be introduced by Mr. Chandler, on behalf of the Progressive party, provides not only for facilitating the adoption of amendments at any time, but also for subjecting the whole Constitution to revision by a Convention at intervals of thirty years, beginning with 1920. The plan is not likely to be thought about very much, thanks to the collapse of the superstition of the present unamendability of the Constitution.

It will be interesting to compare the findings of the Senate inquiry into lobby abuses with what the public knows of some in the past. When the Credit Mobilier scandal broke upon Washington, "Sam" Ward was everywhere recognized as king of the lobby, and proved his right to the title by the royal way in which he ruled his domain. Not only did he make no secret of his calling, but he established for it a sort of ethical code which he was never loath to expound. He openly made his headquarters in the rooms of the Appropriations Committees and at Chamberlin's restaurant, where he entertained half-convinced members of Congress out of working hours. By the time the Pacific Mail subsidy investigation came along, it was plain that the lobby had escaped from the control of its handful of barons of the Ward type, and degenerated into a rather motley army of adventure, in which all conditions of men could be found, including sundry off-color newspaper correspondents. It was one of the latter who saved his

skin, and at the same time lent a touch of humor to an otherwise grim and sordid story, by his boast that, although he had accepted a large sum of money for use in influencing the opinions of certain Congressmen, he had spent it, instead, in building a good house for himself. In a still later era, investigation disclosed the fact that the place of the old-fashioned lobby had been usurped by a small group of "brokers" who plied their trade by "tipping off the right people" as to how the market in certain industrial stocks was about to move. In 1897 Senator Hale sought to amend the Senate rules so as to limit the "privileges of the floor," always till then extended to all ex-Senators, strictly to those "who are not interested in any claim, or in the prosecution of the same, or directly in any bill pending before Congress." There is more than one way of doing shady work; and whether the lobby of to-day be better or worse than the lobby of the past, we may feel pretty sure that it is not quite so brazen.

Connecticut is content to be the land of steady habits in some matters, but the steady habit which her Legislature has had of sitting from the first of January to the last of September, every other year, has finally become too much for her. This year, her General Assembly met under the limitation of five months imposed by an amendment to the Constitution. Its members seem to have had no difficulty in getting through the grind of bills as well in five months as in nine. The volume of legislation is smaller this year than usual, but this may be accounted a merit. Gov. Fielder has given a hint to the New Jersey Legislature not to be too intent upon enacting laws, as if the world were accustomed to improve in accordance with the growth of its statute-books. Other Governors have sounded a similar warning against the evil of over-legislation. Here, as elsewhere, quality counts for more than quantity. But we shall have to wait a while longer before our law-making bodies abandon the unhappy procedure of dawdling for the first three-fourths of their existence, and spending the final quarter in a whirlwind of roll-calls, leaving to the Governor the re-

sponsibility of separating the wheat from the chaff.

There are cases in which Social Justice does not begin at home; as for example in West Virginia. The sub-committee appointed by the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party to study conditions in the West Virginia mine fields has made its report to the central body. Eugene Debs and Victor Berger were two of the three investigators. The most illuminating paragraph in the report of these men, who cannot be accused of prejudice in favor of the present State Administration in West Virginia, is as follows:

It was under the Administration of Glasscock and not Hatfield that martial law was ordered; that the Military Commission was created; that "Mother Jones" and many others were court-martialed and convicted; and it was also under the Glasscock Administration that an armored train, in the name of law and order, shot up the tents and cabins of the miners.

To say that these things took place under the Glasscock Administration does not mean that Gov. Glasscock was responsible. In all probability his mind, during this troubled period, was far away, brooding on the approaching triumph, or deploring the temporary postponement, of those eternal principles of social righteousness which, in common with the six other Bull Moose Governors, he had forced upon the attention of his country.

How slowly we advance towards home rule for cities is brought out in Attorney-General Carmody's summary of what was done in this State at the recent session of the Legislature. One hundred and forty-five municipal bills were passed, of which the Governor vetoed eighty-five. Even the so-called Home Rule bill is admittedly a makeshift. Part of the responsibility for this situation, here and in other States, is due to Constitutional limitations, but no such explanation will fit the action of the Pennsylvania Legislature in bestowing commission government, willy nilly, upon all of the third-class cities of that State. It is true that only two of the twenty-two municipalities affected by the bill protested against it through their representatives at Harrisburg, but

the principle is as vicious as if every one of them were opposed to it. "Ripper" legislation has been common at Harrisburg of recent years, but it must be said that the motive behind the present bill is a much better one than has usually been the case. Yet what was in the way of merely making it possible for these cities to have commission government if they wanted it, instead of compelling them to take it?

There is a highly contagious form of verbal eczema which besets the vice-Executive of a State when he presides over a commission of inquiry into labor conditions, and manifests itself in colloquies like the following:

"Has not women's employment in the industries enforced women's slavery in the country?" asked Lieutenant-Governor Painter.

"Yes," said Mrs. Robins.

"And are not women workers more firmly in bondage than were the African slaves who were valuable to their owners and properly cared for? Do not employers now know that when they wear out one girl they can get another to take her place?"

"Yes, that's true," said Mrs. Robins.

For a man who is Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri, Mr. Painter is apparently more eager to show than to be shown. It will be noted that he lives just across the river from Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara, who asked a little cash-girl whether she didn't consider the fact of being scolded by the forewoman sufficient justification for taking to prostitution. The little girl, after having the meaning of the unfamiliar word explained to her, politely said, "Yes, sir." Dear reader, when something peculiarly original strikes you in the morning's news, do not assume that it is Bill Haywood or Mrs. Pankhurst. It may be a Lieutenant-Governor asking a judicial question.

"Come West, young man," is the cry from Kansas every year about this time. According to the proclamation of the State Labor Commissioner, 19,000 hands are needed from outside of the State to care for the Kansas wheat crop. Harvesting will begin in a few days in the southwestern counties, and in all of them by July 1. If there should be rain soon, an additional 5,000 persons will be invited to lend their aid in taking care of the harvest. This number of men becomes more realistic when it is noted that it amounts to one-third of

the number of volunteers called for in Lincoln's first proclamation. But the temporary character of the work will doubtless weigh heavily, as usual, against the wages of \$2 and \$2.50 a day and board. Delaware, too, is finding difficulty in getting enough men to pick her strawberries. In their desperation, farmers are offering to pay the fines of intoxicated and disorderly persons who will, in return, pick strawberries. One county jail was discovered to be harboring four able-bodied men who needed a total of \$8 to pay their fines. The money was quickly supplied by farmers, who were rewarded by the promise of the lucky prisoners to aid them in getting their berries to market.

In setting out upon the heroic task of reducing the volume of noise in Chicago, the Aldermanic committee charged with the preliminary steps has adopted the classic motto, Divide and conquer. It has divided producers of noise into five classes, one for each of the members of the committee. One Alderman is to investigate the means of suppressing the superfluous din made by motor vehicles, exhausts, engines, gears, and signals; another is to study the relation between noise and railways, pavements, bells, whistles, wheels, rails, crossings, terminals, and cobblestones; a third has for his province marine traffic and industrial plants, their whistles, bridge bells, engines, metal hammerings, and machinery; a fourth is to attend to the noise made by peddlers and delivery men; and the fifth is to have his ears attuned to the sounds of domestic animals, horse-drawn vehicles, blasting, and carpet-beating. One's heart sinks at this catalogue of the forces interested in noise. How can any governing body hope to prevail against them?

Why go to Greenland and East Africa for big-game hunting? See New York first. Why search the China Sea for piratical atmosphere? Take the boat for Rockaway. An eminent jurist has been chasing the dappled deer through the glens of Inwood, perhaps half a mile north of the steam-heated plains of Dyckman, within sound of the tidal roar of the subway and the primeval call of "fore" on the heights of Van Cortlandt. Or take the case of the woman who disappeared in a boat which left Plum Isl-

and and was discovered "at Dooley's Bar, in Irish Creek, near Dead Horse Inlet, at the western end of Barren Island," in one of the most picturesquely situated election districts of the city of New York. All that is needed to complete the picture is fourteen sailors on a dead man's chest and a bottle of rum; and that, too, may be forthcoming any day in the land of mountain and stream and fen, waterfall and quicksand, bay and isle and promontory, over which Mr. Charles F. Murphy rules.

As often as the now famous Gary dinners have come into print, it has seemed a pity that no official record should exist of the delightful table-talk that must have marked these charmingly informal assemblies. We might have had a volume fit to take its place with the table-talk of Luther or of Selden, of Dr. Johnson, and that winged discourse in the Mermaid Tavern, when competition—at least in wit and fancy—was not yet dead. What magnificent flights of the imagination these Gary dinners must have given rise to—bond issues of ten million dollars and fifty million dollars, entire industrial plants dismantled or set up, railways banded about, ore lands, pools, rebates! What sallies of wit at the expense of the exquisitely comic Independent, the highly amusing Ultimate Consumer! What subtleties of suggestion when inside interest was pitted against inside interest and pool against pool! It would be a disgrace if all this gayety and *esprit* were lost to the world, and one cannot be too grateful to the Attorney-General of the United States for his endeavors to prevent such a total loss from coming to pass.

It is comforting to be assured by the cheerful militarist that, after all, war under modern conditions is far less deadly than in the old days. We need not question that the horrors of war—just as the horrors of life generally—have been mitigated by the advance of civilization. The horrors of battle, however, are a different matter, and it is very doubtful if a modern engagement, carried out with picric acid and electric wires, is not, morally and mentally, far more distressing than the old-time struggle. Certainly, the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war are things of the past. Compare the description of a battle in

the next war—"the war which is sure to come"—in Wilhelm Lamszus's little book, "Menschenschlachthaus"—the extended line of isolated riflemen, crawling through the grass, pitted against an invisible enemy, in silence broken only by the low rumble of the distant foe-man's fire, the buzz of masked machine-guns, and perhaps the whirr of an aeroplane, "death coming on propellers"—with the glitter, the roar, and the music of a battle in "the good old days." Accounts of the Napoleonic engagements—and things were little altered at the time of the Crimea—read as if they referred to a different world. In Gronow's "Reminiscences" we are told of the fateful morning of June 18, 1815—the clear sky and radiant sunshine; the French music bursting out in the distance; the frantic shouts rising along the whole front of the battle; the rattle of the bullets against the cuirasses of the soldiers; chasseurs, red lancers, and carbineers furrowing the plain with lightning, whirling around squares, attacking them on all four sides. We can sympathize with the long-suffering Wellington who reluctantly invited his officers to discard their umbrellas, in whose grateful shade they were standing, though under arms; but there was a certain bonhomie about the peccant umbrellas which is altogether lacking in modern devices.

If we are to take Mr. Harold F. Wyatt seriously, travel in England from now on will be at the cost of fearful danger to life and limb. In the *Nineteenth Century* he tells us that the Liberals have not only flung away the former ratio of British superiority at sea, but have also permitted Germany to forge far to the front in the tremendous conflict for control of the air. As a result, the poor man's home is now exposed to be blasted from the skies. No longer will Englishmen sit at breakfast table with their families and read in personal safety of the doings of their fleets and armies far away. "Their old immunity from personal peril is forever gone. . . . There will not be in all England, and perhaps in all Scotland and Wales, one dweller in a town of any size upon whose roof the levin bolt of death may not descend and slay him while he sleeps." Even the desperate German may pause in the task of loading dynamite into airships when he finds the

English chanting in rhythmic emotion, that if this goes on there will not be
One dweller in a town of any size
Upon whose head the levin bolt of death
May not descend and slay him while he sleeps.

Diplomacy has had many hard things said of it. The art of internationally passing counterfeit money, it has been called. But it was the genuine coinage of honest friendship that was exchanged last Friday night at two notable gatherings of diplomats. What Sir Edward Grey had to say, at the London banquet in honor of Ambassador Page, about the relations between Great Britain and the United States, bore every mark of sincerity, and came with added weight from a Foreign Secretary who has just emerged successful from a long struggle to hold the Powers of Europe together in amity. His frank expression of a desire to meet our Government more than half way in every plan to make peace and the peaceful settlement of all disputes secure, leaves in a worse light than ever the opposition of a certain element in our Senate to the renewal of the arbitration treaty with England. The other striking interchange of international civilities occurred at the dinner to the newly appointed American Ambassador to Japan. The few words which Secretary Bryan spoke on this occasion, together with the friendliness and elevated tone of the remarks of the Japanese Ambassador, Viscount Chinda, are of the best augury for the future relations of the United States and Japan.

Cecil Chesterton's big brother, G. K. C., will doubtless have no excessive trouble in showing that to be found guilty of criminal libel by a jury of twelve good men is only a vindication for the libeller. It will come hard for the elder Chesterton to take issue with a jury, an institution which, in common with old October ale, free pasturage, and other features of Magna Charta, he has frequently lauded; still, the trick can be turned. But the members of the Liberal Government, and with them a very large proportion of right-thinking Englishmen, will find consolation in the fact that the Chestertonian paradox has not yet become the established mode of popular reasoning; and that when an editor is found guilty of making poisonous charges virtually involving the honor of

members of the Government, it is much better for the prestige of the Government than if the editor's accusations had been justified. The verdict in the Chesterton case may well be followed by other libel trials, as the shortest way in which Cabinet Ministers can cut through the web of ridiculous charges and insinuations which threatens to ensnare the Asquith Ministry.

In the sense that martyrdom is the price willingly paid for a cause one holds dear, Miss Emily Davison, the suffragette who threw herself upon the horses at the Derby, was a martyr. But death, which rectifies so many things, is also a distorter of values. It stands out as an argument to which there is no reply. It automatically sanctifies every cause and thereby exercises a tyranny over the judgment. People have offered up their lives in indefensible causes or have offered them up unnecessarily. In justice to the living, death must be accepted sometimes as nothing more than a testimonial of personal sincerity. Whether the sacrifice is in proportion to the object striven for, whether the act was even necessary for the attainment of that object, must remain an open question if reason is not to give way before fanaticism.

THE RAILWAY RATE DECISION.

Monday's highly important Supreme Court decision in the so-called "Minnesota rate cases," in which the comprehensive opinion prepared by Justice Hughes was concurred in unanimously by the Court, dealt with three main questions. One was the power of Congress over railway rates in general, within a State as well as across the borders of a State. The second was, what constitutes interference by a State with the rules which govern interstate commerce? The third was, what constitutes reasonable rates under the law, and how is such reasonableness to be determined?

The State of Minnesota, through its Legislature and its Railroad Commission, had established maximum freight and passenger rates within the State. The railway companies had assailed this action on these several grounds—that the maximum thus prescribed was an unconstitutional effort, by a State, to affect existing interstate rates prescrib-

ed by Federal authority; that it imposed a direct burden on interstate commerce; and that the rates were in themselves confiscatory. In Minnesota the Federal Circuit Court had upheld all three contentions of the railways; in similar Missouri cases, the Circuit Court had sustained the argument as to confiscatory rates, but not the argument of interference with interstate commerce.

The first question for the highest court to settle, therefore, was the power of Congress in the premises, and from that the possible Constitutional scope of Federal regulation. In this regard the Court sets forth that, since Congress, under the Constitution, has "authority at all times adequate to secure the freedom of interstate commercial intercourse from State control," the power of such national legislation "is not to be denied or thwarted," even by "the commingling of interstate and intrastate operations." To the States is reserved control of "the commerce that is confined within one State and does not affect other States." But where the relations are close between commerce wholly within a State and commerce which crosses its borders, such reservation is definitely restricted as follows:

The paramount authority of Congress enables it to intervene at its discretion for the complete and effective government of that which has been committed to its care, and for this purpose and to this extent, in response to a conviction of national need, to displace local laws by substituting laws of its own.

Thus Congress, in the Court's opinion, has large powers for action in the matter of rates, even within a State. Such authority, however, must be "by virtue of the actual exercise of Federal control and not by reason merely of a dormant Federal power—that is, one which has not been exerted"; and the Court holds that no such authority has as yet been exerted in legislation. The existing Federal railway rate law did, indeed, explicitly set forth that its provisions should not extend to transportation "wholly within one State." Therefore, the Court concludes, the rate-making power of the State remains unassailable until Congress acts, except in so far as its rates may directly interfere with existing interstate provisions, or may be in themselves confiscatory.

This involves a statement of what constitutes interference with Federal regulation. The Court takes up the contention

of the Minnesota railways. Its conclusion is that, to admit the power of State regulation of rates within the State, but to add that such power "may be exercised only in prescribing rates that are on an equal or higher basis than those that are fixed by the carrier for interstate transportation, is to maintain the power in name while denying it in fact." Such an inference would subject the limitation of State authority to the carrier's will. "If this authority of the State be restricted, it must be by the paramount power of Congress"—which has thus far not been exerted.

The question whether the maximum rates, fixed by the State of Minnesota, were or were not reasonable *per se*, stands on different grounds. If they are not reasonable, the Court declares that "they cannot be sustained in any event"; for, though the railway's property has been devoted to a public use, "it is not placed at the mercy of legislative caprice," but rests secure in "the right to receive just compensation for the services given to the public." As applied to one railway before the Court, the Minnesota rates are pronounced confiscatory, on the ground of the narrow margin of profits shown under the pre-existing rates.

In the case, however, of the two other railways in that State, the finding of the lower court, to the effect that the rates were confiscatory, is reversed on the ground of insufficient evidence and of incorrect methods of valuing the property on which the return was to be computed. Into this part of the controversy, which is highly technical, we shall not at present enter, except to note that Justice Hughes's opinion lays down the broad and important principle that the recognized increment in value of railway property, over the original investment, "cannot properly extend beyond the fair average of the normal market value of land in the vicinity having a similar character." It is to be observed, however, that the case against the reasonableness of the rates in question is merely dismissed by the Court as not proven, and that the door is necessarily open for future reconsideration, on the basis of more precise calculations.

The decision, taken as a whole, is of high Constitutional importance. Disappointing as it undoubtedly will be to the railways and to a good part of the in-

vesting community, it nevertheless embodies some considerations of positive reassurance. It affirms distinctly the power of Congress to remedy, by its own action, any inequality or undue burden which may result from State regulation of rates. It holds that the question of resultant undue preference between separate localities "would be primarily for the investigation and determination of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and not for the courts"—an intimation which bears very distinctly on the still pending Texas rate cases.

Both these conclusions may be found to have some reference to what will perhaps be the most unsatisfactory outcome of the ruling on "reasonableness"—namely, that to permit higher rates than the State maximum to one railway in that State, while denying them to the railway's competitors, is no real solution of the practical difficulty. Finally, it must not be overlooked that this decision avoids entirely what might have been an unfortunate and unsettling outcome, in the present state of the public mind—we mean an absolute and peremptory overruling of the law-making power by the Court.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND BIG BUSINESS.

Attorney-General McReynolds is "considering proposing to Congress a graduated excise tax on tobacco manufactures," as a means of fighting the predominance in the tobacco business of the companies that composed the Tobacco Trust prior to its dissolution. How seriously Mr. McReynolds may be considering this project, we cannot say; but there is no doubt that it is widely looked upon as one of the possible moves of the Administration.

The grounds upon which the Attorney-General is moved to contemplate so novel and extraordinary a measure are obvious enough. He is not satisfied that the dissolution decree of the Supreme Court is working the results intended. He was a leading figure in the prosecution of the case, and was not satisfied with the decree at the time it was issued. He thinks that the grievances of the independents have not been redressed by it. And if it be true, as is assumed in the Washington dispatches generally, that he is in favor of curbing the power of the big tobacco companies

by a special punitive or repressive tax, it is a fair inference that he sees no prospect of attaining that end either by the enforcement of the conditions laid down in the decree or by the invoking of any other resources of existing law. It must at least be true that he holds the possibility of meeting the situation by the enactment of any new regulative laws so remote, and the need of dealing with it so urgent, as to justify a sudden plunge of the Administration into a new policy to the application and scope of which no limit can be assigned.

Such a measure would be a great legislative innovation and a departure from any contemplated policy of the Administration. If it be regarded as simply a means of bringing to bear upon a particular corporation, or group of corporations, penalties or restrictions which the Administration finds itself unable to impose through an appeal to due process of law, it can hardly be defended upon any principle of sound government. It must therefore be supported, if supported at all, as the initiation of a policy of restricting the magnitude of business enterprises by the use of the taxing power. Of this policy there has thus far not been in our legislation any trace. To resort to it as a means of dealing with the Trust problem would be one of the most signal acts of public policy. To enter upon such a course lightly, as a mere method of cutting short the difficulties that have arisen in connection with one case, would be justly regarded as a sign of want of sobriety and forethought, ominous of danger in many other directions.

As for President Wilson himself, there are few things concerning which his attitude was made plainer during the campaign. "Big business is not dangerous because it is big," he said in his speech of acceptance, "but because its bigness is an unwholesome inflation created by privileges and exemptions which it ought not to enjoy. . . . It will be necessary to supplement the present law with such laws, both civil and criminal, as will effectually punish and prevent those methods, adding such other laws as may be necessary to provide suitable and adequate judicial processes, whether civil or criminal, to disclose them and follow them to final verdict and judgment. They must be specifically and directly met by law as they

develop." And in subsequent utterances he repeatedly affirmed this position—emphatically asserted that the thing to do was to fight, not bigness, but oppressive methods; not to impose arbitrary limitations, but to strengthen and invigorate the law. It is impossible that, in three months, with an infinite mass of urgent business pressing upon him, he can have found time to revise and reverse this deliberate judgment; that he can have discovered adequate grounds for abandoning his purpose to have existing evils "specifically and directly met by law as they develop," and substituting in its stead a policy of meeting them by indirection, through happy-thought devices based on no general principle and reflecting no matured ideas of policy.

Apart from the particular merits of this question, the proposal with which the Attorney-General's name has been connected bears marks of a character that has been far too frequently in evidence in recent years. You see an evil, and you strike at it with a bill; you ask no questions as to remote or collateral effects; you don't bother about underlying facts or underlying principles. Some judges are bad, and they are not easily removed; let them, then, be removable by majority vote of the people. Never mind that English judges are appointed for life, and that English courts are vastly more efficient than ours; never mind about judicial independence; never mind about the question of attracting the highest type of men to the bench. What, should not a bad judge be removed? Then here is Senator Cummins, wanting to strike short sales with a prohibitory tax; and so eager for it that he must get it done at once by means of a rider to the tariff bill. In an entirely different field, we are seeing at Paterson the consequence of quick-fire legislation adopted upon an impulse of ephemeral feeling. Because an anarchist crank killed McKinley, the Legislature must needs adopt a law making it a crime to print anything that shows "hostility to government"; and the result appears to be that it is a crime to make charges of arbitrary and oppressive conduct against the Paterson police! This foolishness may be upset by the higher courts in New Jersey as violating the right of free speech; but did the New Jersey legislators, in their

spasm of virtuous indignation, bother about a little thing like the right of free speech? If we are not to reap a large crop of evils as the fruit of the present disposition towards get-good-quick legislation, it will be because there are still left some people who regard broad principles and general policies as entitled to consideration in weighing the merits of a legislative proposal.

NIETZSCHE IN ENGLAND.

Pious Nietzscheans, if there are such, and ordinary human beings will both be ready to congratulate Dr. Oscar Levy on the completion of his great enterprise. At last, after twenty years of editorial labor and anxiety, he has seen the works of his master in English, the most complete edition of the author, we believe, in any tongue but the original. In 1893 Nietzsche's name was first mentioned in one of the books of the unfortunate John Davidson. The next year a group of German, English, and Scottish enthusiasts planned a translation of his writings, and three volumes were actually published in 1896 and 1897. The venture was so disastrous that the publishing house which financed the scheme had to give up business. For six years nothing was done. Then, in 1903, a fresh start was taken with "The Dawn of Day," but again disastrously. In 1907, at private risk, for no publisher could now be lured to the venture, a version of "Beyond Good and Evil" was brought out; and this time there was at least a promise of success. New arrangements were now made with the Nietzsche-Archiv, and in May of 1909 the first four volumes of the present edition were issued. To-day we have the eighteenth and last.

Dr. Levy admits that the results are not perfect, and that errors have crept in despite unceasing vigilance, but we think that few who have used these translations with the German text also before them will begrudge hearty praise for an extremely difficult task on the whole admirably accomplished.

In the preface to the present volume Dr. Levy gives an amusing explanation of his reasons for making England the centre of attack for the new propaganda:

"This is a difficult country to move, my friend—a difficult country, indeed," said the aged Disraeli once to the young and enthusiastic Socialist, Mr. Hyndman: and

If any one besides Disraeli has ever experienced the truth of this saying, it is we, who have brought this edition to a successful issue. The stoical "ataraxia," of the Anglo-Saxon world is—to put it mildly—something terrible; but why put it mildly? That in matters of the intellect England is a real brick wall there is not the slightest doubt, as some almost ineffaceable bruises on the heads of my fellow-workers and myself will for ever demonstrate to any unbeliever.

But the brick wall was worth attacking. Dr. Levy knew that if the educated class of England took up his doctrine, it would be from no light spirit of curiosity, and that from the very solidity and stolidity of the people he should have gained a tremendous moral support.

And he had, he avows, another reason for turning first to England. "On the Continent everything is muddled in matters of religion; what should be below is above, and what should be above is below." In France and Germany, as a reaction from the Revolution, the party of aristocracy and the party of the Church have become allies against the proletariat. In the one country you will see French officers of good family attending mass regularly as a protest against the atheism of the lower orders, and in the other country you will find the Junkers posing as pillars of the throne and altar, "not knowing, or not wishing to know, that the teaching given out at the altar is, so long as it is delivered without falsehood, subversive of all thrones and all authorities." But in England it is different. There religion is still strongest in the middle and lower classes. Now, such a land is precisely fitted for the Nietzschean campaign; there, and there only, in attacking Christianity the heralds of the new gospel may be sure that they are not lending their strength to the equally hated enemies of aristocracy.

But if Dr. Levy thus makes Christianity the point of attack, he does so with the delightfully impudent assurance that Nietzsche was himself *Christianior christianis*: "If there ever was a true Christian, it was he; not only is he not the Antichrist; he is the very opposite of it, he is what Goethesaid of Spinoza: 'Christianissimus.'" This is because Christianity by its conviction of sin taught mankind a habit of painful introspection which was totally unknown to the Pagan world, and which led in the end to the eviction of its own false philosophy and the preparation for the

Nietzschean truth. Nietzscheanism is thus destined to supplant Christianity, as Christianity supplanted Judaism—and with the same hatred for what it has outgrown.

We have dwelt at length on Dr. Levy's introduction, because on the surface it is so entertainingly saucy, and because beneath its wit it contains a frank and thoughtful exposition of what the followers of Nietzsche are undertaking to do. There need be no particular dread of Nietzscheanism as a sober propaganda; it is too fundamentally deficient in a sense of the values of life, too purposeless, to accomplish much as a religion or pseudo-religion. If Dr. Levy can honestly point to a remarkable extension of Nietzsche's popularity, this growth has come about in a way that can give him little encouragement as a missionary. Nietzsche has become quasi-popular for two reasons: first, as a mere writer, as a poet of startling phrases and occasional insight, but with no systematic doctrine; and, secondly, as one of the innumerable forces of change and of rebellion against the existing order of things. It is a fact, we believe, that nowhere will you find more men who regard Nietzsche favorably or tolerantly than among those Socialistically inclined: they feel and welcome the destructive energy of the man, while caring little that his programme of construction is entirely opposed to their own. It is with the aristocratic Nietzsche in this respect as it is with the anarchistic Walt Whitman; so true is it that the great driving power of a revolutionary association is a community of hatred or fear.

Some confirmation of this view might even be derived from the Index, prepared by Mr. Robert Guppy, which forms the bulk of the last volume. There is, for instance, a certain significance in the fact that the entries under Superman occupy only three pages and those under Valuations only two, whereas Wagner extends to more than six pages and Christian—Christianity to six and a half. Nietzsche was never sure of what he meant by the Superman, and his so-called revaluation of life is intangible because devoid of any positive ideal; but the bitter meaning of his feud with Wagner was without any shadow of uncertainty, and he left no ambiguity in his hatred for Christianity and the present social order.

PROGRESSIVE STRAWS.

Progress is still going on, but it is not showing up brilliantly in the external indications of Progressive party strength. The meagre harvest of enrolment blanks that has thus far been reaped in this city from the distribution of them through the mails, by the Board of Elections, is not an isolated sign; though there is something surprising in the fact that, up to Monday noon, only 2,500 persons had availed themselves of the opportunity. Indications of this sort are common over the country. One of the latest that we have noticed is this most remarkable showing, from Boston:

	Vote for Pres., 1912.	Vote for Gov., 1912.	Enrol- ment, 1913.
Dem.	43,063	48,684	50,460
Rep.	21,427	18,920	25,854
Prog.	25,533	17,318	834

These figures speak for themselves—a Republican enrolment much larger than the Republican vote for President or Governor, a Democratic enrolment also larger than the vote in 1912, and a Progressive enrolment next to nothing at all.

If it be objected that figures of enrolment are not significant, there is no difficulty in pointing to manifestations of a different kind. The elections held two months ago in Chicago and St. Louis told the same story. In Chicago, the vote for Roosevelt last November was 166,000, with 131,000 votes for Wilson and 75,000 for Taft. Upon the Governorship at the same time the Progressive vote was 113,000, while the Democrats had 168,000 and the Republicans 109,000. But in the spring election in Chicago the Progressive vote was only one-fourth as large as the Republican vote, while the Democrats polled a heavier vote than the Republicans. In the spring election at St. Louis, the Progressives polled only 4,164 votes out of a total of 125,000, although their candidate for Mayor was endorsed by Mr. Roosevelt, and although his own vote in November was nearly 25,000 and that of the Progressive candidate for Governor was nearly 21,000. But most striking, perhaps, of all the results recorded in this matter since November was that in Michigan, a veritable hotbed of Roosevelt Progressivism. It was in reference to Michigan that the Colonel made the most impassioned and per-

sistent of his post-election appeals, crying out against the infamy of the courts in their interpretation of a disputed ballot question. And in the face of all this the Progressive candidates in Michigan came out a poor third in April, though in November Roosevelt had beaten Taft by 62,000 and Wilson by 64,000.

Now, whatever explanation of all this the history of the past few months has presented, the one thing certain is that the Progressive party has not been acting like a great body of citizens fired with the consciousness of a mission and inspired with the confidence of growing power. There is, indeed, one method of explaining away the facts which may be accepted as in a large measure correct; but the trouble about it is that it explains too much. It comes perilously near to that process which is hit off in the homely saying about throwing the child out with the bath. The Progressives, it may be said, are so well satisfied with Wilson that they see no special need of asserting themselves as a separate party. Here is William Allen White, for instance, and he is but one example among many. "The Progressives are delighted with Wilson," Mr. White declares; "he is their kind of a President. . . . In my speeches I have been saying the handsomest things possible about President Wilson, and his name always gets applause from a Progressive crowd. He gets the same amount of applause that Roosevelt gets." We hasten to add that Mr. White has no idea of giving up the Progressive party; he is counting on a collapse of Democratic virtue, and then the Progressives will come into their own. But if the state of mind he exhibits has upon large numbers of Progressives the effect of sending them into the Democratic ranks, and if another large body has sagged back into Republicanism, nothing more is needed to account for the things that have been happening.

The real question, however, concerns the strength of the new party as a party. In a sense, "we are all progressives now," to adapt Harcourt's famous saying about Socialism. If it is a satisfaction to the Colonel's followers to claim that everything in the nature of progressive social legislation that may be accomplished in the next decade or two is to be credited to their activities, no one can forbid their enjoyment of that

feeling. But the thing that was central in the Armageddon movement of last year was the idea that a party exclusively dedicated to a programme of radical change in these matters was essential to the national welfare. Without that idea, there is no future for the Progressive party; and if it fails to be manifested in the shape of great multitudes of citizens who persistently stand up to be counted as its backers, the Progressive party must fade out of the field of practical politics and become little more than an historical reminiscence.

A PROFESSOR ON THE RAMPAGE.

The Philadelphia Press has been printing, with conspicuous display, a series of articles by Prof. Simon N. Patten, prophesying the speedy—and deserved—downfall of New York, and giving a most lurid picture of economic conditions in the East generally. The tone of the articles throughout is that of the expert—not, however, of the economic expert, or of a man of science of any kind, but of the expert in yellow journalism and in the most extreme and irresponsible type of magazine muckraking. That a newspaper of respectable standing should give prominence to such stuff may perhaps be excused on the ground that Mr. Patten has been for twenty-five years professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania; to find an excuse for Mr. Patten's writing it one would have to go deeper into the mysteries of creation. It has long been evident that the emission of this sort of rant is part of his very nature.

It is the privilege of any one to deplore the crowding of millions of people into the little island of Manhattan, to denounce the immorality or the luxury of New York, and to point out how much more wholesome, or virtuous, or happy would be the lives of thousands who swell the metropolitan swarm if they made use of the opportunities afforded by the vast unfilled areas of our country. This, and more, Professor Patten might have done to his heart's content, without blame. But he professes to speak as an economist and a scientific student of society; and he undertakes to declare, in this capacity, not only what ought to be, but what will be, and that speedily. "A number of driving forces," he declares, "are operating

with fearful rapidity on the industrial life of the East, pressing it, whether it will or no, towards a precipice of financial insolvency." A great struggle, he tells us, is going on between New York and the rest of the country, and "if the country at large wins, New York city will face a slump in values beside which the crises of the past have been a mere bagatelle." Signs of New York's approaching downfall are already visible, for "already the exports of foodstuffs (her chief dependence) have fallen off in favor of Baltimore, Boston, and Montreal."

But the fault of Mr. Patten's articles lies not so much in the wild character of his sweeping statements and predictions as in the ludicrous insignificance of the facts and figures he cites in support of them. Take this matter of food exports, for example. Mr. Patten spreads out a table showing that exports of flour from New York have declined from 3,900,000 barrels in 1880 to 2,600,000 in 1904, while in the same interval the joint exports from Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore have increased from 1,600,000 to 3,100,000; and likewise exports of provisions have here decreased from 1,150 million pounds to 980 million, while in the rival cities they have advanced from 430 million pounds to 630 million. Now, if this business is, as Mr. Patten says, this city's "chief dependence," how in Heaven's name has it happened that New York has grown so tremendously in wealth and population—and at a far more rapid rate than the other cities—during these twenty-four years, while the amount of this business has actually declined? One more instance must suffice—indeed, these two are among the very few in which Mr. Patten even attempts to back up his assertions by any citation of facts. To prove that a great exodus to the West is on the way, and that it must be rapidly accelerated owing to wage conditions, he says:

The relative advantages of the East and the West are made plain by the wages paid in the two districts. Some of the latest State reports show that the wages in the West are considerably higher than in the East, as this table will illustrate:

The proportion of men engaged in industry who receive more than \$15 per week—	
	In each 100.
In Massachusetts	26
In Kansas	30
In California	57

And this pitiful little exhibit of a dif-

ference between Massachusetts and Kansas—with seven times as much difference between Kansas and California—is all he has to present in support of his thesis!

It may seem almost as ill-judged to take notice of eruptions like this of Professor Patten's as to print them in the first place. Often, indeed, one feels that silence is the only proper course with regard to them. But occasionally it seems to be more or less a duty to expose them explicitly, for the benefit of those who may be misled, through the official position of the writer, into attaching weight to them. But it is difficult to deal with them in language that is confined within the bounds of courtesy. What shall be said, for instance, of the holder of an important university chair who is capable of the combined ignorance and effrontery of this explanation of the French Revolution?—

In 1750 the work of the world was done by hand. The steam engine was invented; machines came into use; the enterprising Britishers found coal and iron side by side; the population of England moved from the villages of the South into cities in the North. Meanwhile, the French continued to manufacture by the old hand processes. Before they realized what had happened, England had an industrial lead of thirty years on them. She took the French markets, impoverished their industries, and created a widespread distress which brought on the revolution. Louis XVI, Robespierre, Danton, and Mirabeau were incidents in a great economic process. The real cause of the political revolution in France was the industrial revolution in England.

It may be impossible for Mr. Patten to keep himself from finding a new key to the history of the past, a new solution of the problems of the present, and a new revelation of the secrets of the future, every other morning. It may be impossible to prevent the publication of these wonderful discoveries, in books or magazines or newspapers. But at least it is possible to warn innocent bystanders of the utter absence, in his explosions, of any trace of scientific or responsible thinking.

THE SPIRIT OF COMMENCEMENT.

In a time of attack upon institutions, attack proportioned to the venerableness of the objects assailed, how does it happen that Commencement Day has escaped? We like to think of our Legislatures as hopeless, to talk of our courts as archaic, to scoff at the Constitution as in its dotage. More to the point is

the Niagara of criticism which has been pouring upon our school system, from kindergarten to professional school. College professors, we are assured nowadays, and not least emphatically by members of their own ranks, are to their profession what a pettifogging lawyer is to his, the difference being merely that there is a way of getting rid of the lawyer, while the professor holds on for ever. Yet with the recurrence of June, campuses glitter with all the colors of the rainbow, flashed from the frocks of proud sisters and mothers and sweethearts, and no less from the academic gowns of those to whom, for one day at least, we look up with something of awe.

The mystery deepens when we remember the change that has come over our ideals of education. At one time the thought of anything material in connection with Commencement was as much out of place as the planning of a business deal in church. It was the glory of the youthful graduate that he harangued his parents and friends upon subjects about which he knew rather less than they. This was the very thing they had long been looking forward to as the outward evidence of his inner development. Why should he not declaim for fifteen minutes upon "Success"? How many of his hearers could discuss that topic from so detached a point of view, with such fresh interest and absolute open-mindedness? How many of them could have found anything worth saying upon the subject, "All Is Not Gold That Glitters"? And yet they listened unbored to every word that Tom Smith's daughter uttered about it. For at that primitive period, people were in the habit of expecting graduates to face life; and it was only natural that, just before they plunged into it, they should give their ideas thereupon. Now we think it better that they should prepare themselves for making a living. Vocation, not avocation, is our watchword. Nevertheless, we display undiminished interest in the mediæval ceremonies by which students receive degrees which we and they know to be meaningless signs of a training which we urge them to outgrow as fast as possible.

Perhaps there is something in the very elasticity of Commencement that constitutes a perennial charm. How can you kill an institution which instantly adapts

itself, with unvarying equanimity, to whatever purposes you impute to it? As if to show how far it could go in this amiable direction, it was the occasion, at Emporia, Kan., a few days ago, of a sharply contrasted pair of addresses. The principal of one school, according to a local journal, "gave a short but masterly address, in which was embodied food for thought for every person, as regards incomes." His subject was "The Value of an Education in Dollars and Cents," and he had statistics to prove beyond cavil that the unskilled laborer could never hope to attain the economic heights that lay before the college graduate. This was on Saturday night. Sunday morning another speaker addressed another graduating class on the subject of "Education." But he told his hearers that to measure success by the amount of money earned was a false conception of one's wealth and power. The Commencement spirit finds no difficulty in accepting both of these presentations. Its real interests are elsewhere. "Here are my jewels," it cries, as the long line of youthful faces files by. "The present may be yours, but whose is the future?"

GRAY'S LETTERS.

After years of labor Mr. Tovey has finally brought to a conclusion his edition of Gray's Letters.* In its way, he has accomplished an almost perfect piece of editing; the chronology has been adjusted, the allusions have been hunted down with great patience, the text, where the manuscripts exist, has been reproduced with extreme fidelity. We ought to be, and are, grateful for the fruit of such conscientious toil, and yet, despite ourselves, we cannot escape certain doubts as to the utility of the plan, at least as regards the form of the text. Gray had a peculiar manner of writing. He not only employed the abbreviations common to his day, such as *whch* for *which*, but he had a trick of putting capitals anywhere except at the opening of the sentences. It may be highly valuable to know these usages, but, unfortunately, their effect in cold type is quite different from their effect in script, and to reproduce them exactly on the printed page is to make one of the most literate of men appear almost illiterate.

I.

After all, Mason, the much-scribbling,

*The Letters of Thomas Gray, including the Correspondence of Gray and Mason. Edited by Duncan C. Tovey. 3 vols., Bohn's Library. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900 (2d ed.), 1904, 1912.

vain, place-seeking, simple "Scroddles," as his friend called him, hit somehow on the right idea of biography, as did another foolish sycophant of the age; and I am not sure that there is any better way of getting at the man than by going back to Mason's selection and high-handed manipulation of the Letters, with the intervening bits of narration, sadly written as these are, and with the fragments of verse intercalated which belong not so much to Gray's poetical works as to his poetical life. And Mason in a phrase has given us what is still the best characterization in brief of Gray—"from his earliest years, curious, pensive, and philosophical." Such he was to his friends; such he appears in Mason's Life and in Mr. Tovey's edition of the Letters—curious, pensive, erend panegyrist:

His curiosity was as various as it was insatiable; but above all it made him a lover of books. "He was, perhaps, the most learned man of the age," said Potter, the translator of *Æschylus*; and the Rev. W. J. Temple, writing in the *London Magazine* soon after Gray's death, had used almost the same words, adding: "He knew every branch of history.

... Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favorite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening"—all of which is no exaggeration, as may be seen from his manuscripts. As for sheer endurance in delight, the *Encyclopédie* was to him an amusement, while his well-known idea of Paradise was "to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon." And this, after weighing the fruit and the pleasures of such an existence, is the conclusion of his reverend panegyrist:

Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial, but a few poems? But let it be considered, that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider everything as trifling, and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge, and the practice of virtue, in that state wherein God has placed us.

A finer encomium of the curious and philosophical life has rarely been pronounced, yet how strange it sounds to modern ears! It was written not a century and a half ago, and probably to most of those who read it here on this page it will seem to have come from another world, whose virtues are outworn and whose purpose even repels us as selfish indulgence. A century and a

half from now which will appear the wiser, Gray's generation or ours?

II.

Whether or not such an encomium of the quiet life can be applied without reservation to Gray is quite another question. There were men of that age who found these rewards; and nothing is more delightful in a humble way than the echoes of the Horatian *fallentis semita vitæ* that we hear now and then from those who knew content in the cloistered walks by the Isis or the Cam. Such, for instance, are the poems of the Rev. Francis Drake, of Magdalen College, preserved in the "Literary Hours" of his friend Dr. Nathan Drake:

Hid from the world, unknowing and unknown,

I seek no other praises than my own,
Heedless to catch the breath of public fame,

And only cautious of avoiding blame.
Here, mid' the silent shade, and midnight gloom,

With books I trace the sculptured spoils
Of Rome,

Range thro' the sacred stores of ancient times,

And revel o'er the scenes of classic climes.

And there were others, the unremembered monks of literature, if not the ambitious scholars, who were satisfied "in active indolence" to "pass the peaceful hours with books and rhyme."

But Gray, it must be admitted, was not quite such an one. The surprising thing in his Letters, when one stops to think of it, is his attitude towards the University in which he elected to pass almost the whole of his mature life. Though curious in matters of architecture, and ready to undergo considerable discomfort in the pursuit of antiquarian knowledge elsewhere, he had, so far as the record shows, no interest in the buildings of Cambridge. He was peculiarly susceptible to the charms of nature in her wilder and her more cultivated aspects, and writes often of these things with romantic conviction. Not Wordsworth himself has expressed the beauty of the country about Skiddaw more lovingly than Gray has done in his journal:

In the evening walked alone down to the lake by the side of Crow-Park after the sunset and saw the solemn coloring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible in the day-time [cf. Wordsworth, "White Doe," iv, 28]. Wished for the Moon, but she was dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

He can write feelingly of the grace of gardens, as of those at Hampton—"Every little gleam of sunshine, every accident of light, opens some new beau-

ty in the view"—but for the entrancing loveliness of the Cambridge Backs there is in all his letters, I believe, not a single word.

In fact, when he refers to the University it is oftenest in the captious tone of Walpole gossiping about society, though without Walpole's prolixity of cynicism. We hear much of the spiteful intriguing of the Common Room, of the rowdyism of students, and the discomforts of the place, but of the University as the proud deposit of the scholar's faith, never a hint. It seems to have been to him such a trial of the nerves as the sister University was to a contemporary who published a parody of the "Elegy" in "The Oxford Sausage," with a picture at the head which is evidently meant to represent Gray in a posture of peevish lassitude:

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,

And through the cloister peace and silence reign,

Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,

Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a student in profound repose,

Oppress'd with ale, wide-echoes thro' the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where thro' the glim-

m'ring shade

Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring

heap,

Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,

The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

Nor, in his own pursuit does Gray appear to have found the noblest satisfaction of learning. He read enormously and annotated indefatigably; he drew many delights from the paradise of print, and what speaking things his books were to him may be known from that "great hubbub of tongues" in his study of which he sends so amusing an account to his friend West. Yet in the end those of us who would look for life in our libraries must wonder to see how frequently the terrible word *ennui* drops from his pen. In one of his earliest letters he writes of "low spirits" as his "true and faithful companions," and indeed they, or a kind of "white melancholy," as he calls it, never left him for long. "To be employed is to be happy," is one of his maxims, which in various forms he repeats over and over again, and it is only too clear that a good deal of his reading was in the nature of a narcotic. "I rejoice," he writes to Walpole, "you can fill all your *vides*; the Maintenon could not, and that was her great misfortune"—and his own, he meant to imply. Mr. Tovey quotes from Voltaire the famous passage in Madame de Maintenon's letter which Gray had in mind, and which had impressed Dr. Johnson also: "J'ai été jeune et jolie: j'ai goûté des plaisirs: j'ai été aimée

partout. Dans un âge plus avancé, j'ai passé des années dans le commerce de l'esprit; je suis venue à la faveur, et je proteste, ma chère fille, que tous les états laissent un vide affreux." Alas, the word of the poet and scholar of Cambridge was in the end not much different from that of the lady of Versailles: "I cannot brag of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or my fertility; the days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending."

III.

There were no doubt particular reasons, apart from the common state of humanity, which helped to fix the white melancholy on Gray. At an earlier day his eager curiosity would have brought a different kind of happiness to him. In the sixteenth or seventeenth century he might have been a Scaliger or a Casaubon, for whom the pathway to truth lay in the mere accumulation of knowledge. Or, if not precisely acquiring happiness, he might have felt that in the sheer continuity of reading life was fulfilling the highest destiny of man. We might have found in his diary, when he had passed a whole day from early dawn till late night over his books, Casaubon's exultant phrase, *hodie vixi*, or on another day the record of wasted time which Mark Pattison quotes with such feeling: "This morning not to my books till seven o'clock or after; alas me! and after that the whole morning lost; nay, the whole day. O God of my salvation, aid my studies, without which life is to me not life." But Gray's lot fell in an age just too late for this religious joy of erudition. If he failed sometimes in his fight against the terrible *vides* of existence, what lover of books to-day shall cast the stone at him? The ability to find continuous comfort in the printed page, without the stimulation of some real or fancied duty, is, indeed, one of the rarest gifts in the world.

For one thing, such a life in books, or such a death (*immorior libris*), requires not only a rare kind of unweariable intellect, but also, with that, a certain lethargy of the imagination. And Gray, though he possessed the former in a high degree, had by no means a lethargic imagination. The best account we have of him is that written by Norton Nicholls, who when a young man at Cambridge was taken up by the older scholar, as was the Swiss Bonstetten, with something like a pathetic desire to enjoy vicariously the hopes and eagerness of youth. Nicholls's acquaintance with Gray, he tells us, began one afternoon in the rooms of a Fellow of Peterhouse, and we can almost feel the keenness with which the solitary poet grasps at a friendship that promises a sympathy of the imagination. "The conversa-

tion turned on the use of bold metaphors in poetry, and that of Milton was quoted, 'The sun to me is dark, and silent as the moon,' etc., when I ventured to ask if it might not possibly be imitated from Dante, 'Mi ripingeva là dove il sol tace.' Mr. Gray turned quickly round to me, and said, 'Sir, do you read Dante?' and entered into conversation with me." It may have been the sudden regard of Gray at this time that led Nicholls to remember and speak of being awestruck by his "lightning glance." But that was not the only occasion on which Nicholls caught the "fine frenzy" of the poet in Gray:

One morning [he writes], when I went to him as usual after breakfast, I knocked at his door, which he threw open, and exclaimed with a loud voice,

Hence, avant! 'tis holy ground.

I was so astonished that I almost feared he was out of his senses; but this was the beginning of the Ode which he had just composed.

The point is that this stirring imagination of Gray's, though it was sufficiently strong to prevent him from finding content in merely feeding the appetite of an insatiable curiosity, was yet not powerful enough or steady enough to give him a real purpose or to lift him to the serener heights of peace. He was, I suppose, what might be called a religious man. At least there is no word in his Letters to indicate that he ever questioned the orthodox belief of the day. Voltaire was "the great object of his detestation," for whose power of mischief he had a kind of impatient terror, and the King of Prussia's poetry he scorned as "the scum of Voltaire and Lord Bolingbroke, the *crambe recrota* of our worst free-thinkers." Even Middleton's skeptical tendency alarmed him, although he admired that writer's literary style. Yet there is no sign that he found any deep source of consolation in his faith or that the beauty of the Anglican service meant anything to his imagination. There is a good deal in his correspondence about ecclesiastical antiquarianism, but, so far as I remember, of King's College chapel, which lay almost at his door and is one of the loveliest things of the world, he never speaks, save once in passing, when he questions the authenticity of an anecdote about Christopher Wren and the chapel roof. Did the magic of those stones have no meaning for him?

A certain idle traveller, one afternoon, sat far back in the nave of that chapel in such a position that, looking along obliquely into the choir, he could see the projecting mullions of the windows, but not the glass, while the westering sun slanted dimly through the colored panes and transformed the whole southern wall into the semblance of a

great gleaming opal. And with the spectral light the voices of the unseen priests reciting the vesper service within the chancel and the chant of the choristers seemed to mingle and pour upon the listener a pure and mysterious awe. Did such a scene have no appeal to Gray? or did he merely keep silence? He could in the concealment of Latin verse touch on the deeper and more elusive feelings of the heart, as in the exquisite quatrain he sent to West in a letter:

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatenentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

But was the sense of religious initiation already restricted for him—as to so many it seems restricted to-day—to the romantic solitudes of nature:

Præsentio rem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem?

IV.

Possibly, if West had lived and the correspondence with him, while maintaining its freedom, had matured in judgment, we might have a somewhat different notion of Gray's nature, as indeed his nature itself might have expanded more opulently. Certainly to us who must know him through his Letters, the early death of his closest friend is an irreparable loss. They had been comrades together at Eton, and on separating, one for Oxford and the other for Cambridge, began the correspondence which continued for eight years, closing only with the death of West, from consumption and "a load of family misfortunes." It is easy to smile at the solemnity that sometimes shows itself in these letters: boys of their age and disposition are likely to be a bit portentous when they write about themselves. But on the whole I do not know where one would find a more beautiful or more promising friendship. Nor are the letters without their actual charm. Though the expression may be occasionally pedantic, the ardor for literature and the search for a philosophy of life cannot fail to stir the reader with memories of his own eager youth. Much of the verse that passed between the enthusiasts is in Latin, and if the muse of West was somewhat halting, at least it is not every young man who composes hexameters on his cough—"ante omnes morbos importunissima tussis"—while tossing in bed at four in the morning. Just a month later Gray sends him a letter which indicates a most extraordinary range of reading, including a challenge to West to name the source of a couplet about a dimple, and containing these words, only too sincere: "I converse, as usual, with none but the dead; they are my old friends, and almost

make me long to be with them." West's reply follows:

Your fragment is in Aulus Gellius; and both it and your Greek delicious. But why are you thus melancholy? I am so sorry for it, that you see I cannot forbear writing again the very first opportunity; though I have little to say, except to expostulate with you about it. I find you converse much with the dead, and I do not blame you for that; I converse with them too, though not indeed with the Greek. But I must condemn you for your longing to be with them. What, are there no joys among the living? I could almost cry out with Catullus, "Alphene immemor, atque unanimis false sodalibus!" But to turn an accusation thus upon another, is ungenerous; so I will take my leave of you for the present with a "Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis."

Only twenty days after that pathetic call to his friend to live for a little with the living, the writer himself was dead. Something no doubt is required of us to-day to feel the charm of these letters; not many of us can recall immediately the lines that follow the appeal in Catullus and give poignancy to it:

If thou neglect me now, and in my misery leave,
Ah, what were men to do? What faith will not deceive?

But not only West, but Gray also, turned to Latin for the expression of his more personal emotions. I have already quoted the stanza, *O lachrymarum fons*, which Byron was to use twice as a motto for his poems, and the *Presentiorem*, and there are other verses in the letters almost as intimate. Finest of all, and too little known, are the lines to "Favonius" with which he closes the fragmentary work on Locke's philosophy, "De Principiis Cogitandi"—finer and far more intimate in their pathos than the English sonnet, "On the Death of Mr. Richard West," which to Wordsworth seemed so frigid. They lack only the supreme mastery of word-craft, not attainable by any writer in a foreign tongue, and perhaps also the very note of impersonality and universality, to rank with the great "Elegy."

There was nothing in the character or learning of Walpole or Mason or Wharton to supply the place of Gray's dear Favonius. To none of these could he write, as he might have written to West, with that ranging love of literature which takes the great traditional emotions of the past as an extension of one's own inner life. And when Nicholls and Bonstetten came into his circle he was too much older than they to open his heart with the perfect freedom of equality. Nicholls has left a brief but almost Boswellian sketch of his friend, and the wandering Swiss, who when Byron met him at Coppet could only remember Gray as "the most 'melancholy and gentleman-like' of all possible poets," still interests us for Gray's exclamation to

him in a London street: "Look, look, Bonstetten, the great bear! There goes *Ursa Major*!" So much only we owe to them. With the passing of West the conversation of Gray became more and more with the dead, and Life, which brings us here for her own ends, and resents any attempt to escape her imperium, took her revenge on him by planting in his heart that white melancholy. If we needed such a lesson to-day we might learn from Gray's Letters that, however much books may promise us of pleasure and wisdom and encouragement, they cannot, for an ardent and seeing mind, create a tower of escape from the claims of an importunate world.

V.

But it would be doing a grave injustice to one of the finest collections of letters in the language to end on this negative note. If they omit much that we might desire, they are replete with exquisite traits of sentiment and wisdom. If Gray read voraciously, he also read critically, and no one was better able in a sentence or a single vivid phrase to express the very pith and marrow of an author. It was Gray who said of Shenstone that "he goes hopping along his own gravel-walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost." Could the timid poet of Leasowes be presented more picturesquely and correctly in an image? Still more remarkable is the famous portrait of Sterne: "Have you read his Sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a very strong imagination and a sensible [sensitive] heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." How Sterne himself, the master of significant gesture, would have relished that inimitable picture! And in the criticism of *genres*, what is reater than this revision of Milton: "Extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical, is one of the grand beauties of lyric poetry?"

There is wit aplenty in these pages, but there is feeling, too, though commonly much subdued. More beautiful letters of condolence have scarcely been penned than those in which Gray sent his sympathy to friends on the occasion of bereavement. One of his sentences to Nicholls—"In one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother"—has become a kind of proverb of the heart. Even finer as a whole is the letter to Wharton, which has come down to us with the endorsement of the recipient, "On Robin's Death." I wish there were room for the whole of it:

MY DEAR SIR:

I am equally sensible of your affliction, and of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment. Would to God

I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation, which I have often received from you, when I most wanted it! But your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavor. What indeed is all human consolation, can it efface every little amiable word or action of any object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them?

On one side of his character, in his mordant, cynical attitude towards the persons of the University with whom he lived and in his faculty of sharp critical phraseology, Gray belongs with the wits and continues the tradition of Pope and Swift. On another side, shown more completely perhaps in his verse but indicated also in the descriptive passages of his letters, as in the occasional touches of sentiment and in the enthusiastic acceptance of Ossian, he stands with the new creators of romance. And this composite nature of his mind, while it may be one of the contributing causes of a certain inefficiency in his genius, preventing him from ever quite speaking out, and separating him from the Augustan circle of which Johnson was the deity, explains in part also the fascination of the man and of his Letters. And if the virtue and wisdom which his panegyrist gave to him as the reward of his learned seclusion were not crowned with the perfect gift of content, this, too, is a mark of his sincerity and humanity.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

On May 18, 1844, under the head of Foreign Affairs, *Punch* published the following:

It is a common idea that the most laconic military despatch was that sent by Cæsar to the Horse Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words, "Veni, vidi, vici," and perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The despatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The despatch consisted of one emphatic word, *Peccavi*—I have Scinde (sinned).

It will be noted, in passing, that Mr. Punch was taking no chances on his readers failing to see the point. Although the joke has survived down to this day, it is singular that its origin seems to have been lost sight of, and credit for it has been given to many others, including Sir Charles himself; thus, in *Notes and Queries*, December 14, 1907, Mr. Walter Jerrold (grandson of Douglas Jerrold) says:

The earliest publication of this jest of which I am aware is in George Daniel's entertaining medley, "Democritus in London" (1852), where Sir Peter Prolix is made to say:

What exclaimed the gallant Napier,
Proudly flourishing his rapier!
To the army and the navy,
When he conquered Scinde? "Peccavi!"

Until earlier publication can be proved,

the credit for this perfect pun must remain with George Daniel.

The perfectness of Daniel's pun might fairly be questioned, since it is not original. It is quite probable that, on hearing the news from Scinde, the joke might have occurred to many having a slight acquaintance with Latin, especially to such an inveterate punster as Thomas Hood, who, indeed, did contend for its authorship, according to Spielmann in his "History of Punch" (page 361). Mr. Spielmann, however, is inclined to award the credit to Michael John Barry, one of Douglas Jerrold's contemporaries; but Spielmann, in relating the story of Peccavi, is hopelessly muddled. He calls it "the most finished and pointed that ever appeared in *Punch*, and certainly one of the most highly appreciated and most loudly applauded," and then, instead of giving what I have already quoted, he substitutes this:

Peccavi, I've Scinde, said Lord Ellen so proud.
Dathouse, more modest, said Vovi, I've Oude!

The chief thing to be said in favor of this couplet is that it makes Oude rhyme with proud, which I believe is correct. On the other hand, so far as Peccavi is concerned, it is not original; it attributes the saying to Ellenborough instead of Napier, and it couples the Scinde Affair with an event that occurred many years later. Moreover, this couplet is not to be found in *Punch*.

If the following statement is correct, then the young woman who is said to have been paid for the joke, may be regarded as the originator, so far as the article in *Punch* is concerned. This is in *Notes and Queries* November 2, 1907, in an article headed "Peccavi"; "I have Scinde." The following editorial note, which appears in the number for October, 1907, of *The East and the West*, p. 467, deserves a place in *Notes and Queries*, as it professes to give the origin of this historic pun:

In the article in our last issue, entitled "The Influence of Laymen on Missions," the writer says: "Readers of Indian history will remember the famous laconic message in which Sir Charles Napier announced to the Viceroy his disobedience to orders, and its result in the occupation of Sindh: 'Peccavi.'" Mrs. C. Mackintosh writes to us to say that this message was never sent by Sir Charles Napier, but was invented by her cousin, Catherine Winkworth, the translator of "Lyra Germanica." Catherine Winkworth was then a young girl just out of the schoolroom, and was receiving lessons from Mr. Gaskell, to whom, after discussing with him Sir Charles Napier's conquest, she made the remark: "Peccavi, I have Sindh." On his suggestion, the joke was sent to *Punch*, the editor of which sent her a cheque in acknowledgment.*

Another point to be noted is that, to add force to the pun, it was necessary to show that in giving battle to the Scindians, Sir Charles had disobeyed orders—had "sinned"—this appears in the extract just quoted. Now, nothing can be further from the truth, as can readily be seen by consulting "Napier's Life and Letters," by his brother, Sir William, where, in fact, in referring to this fight (Vol. II, p. 328), Sir Charles says: "I have only obeyed my orders." Indeed, he seems to have been most punctilious in procuring his Chief's authority for every step he took. To be sure he acted in opposition to the pleadings of the humane Outram—but Outram was his subordinate.

But from the very beginning there seems to have been a consensus that Napier actually sent the dispatch published in *Punch*—sent, by the way, to a man he had never seen (Life, Vol. II, p. 162). Spielmann relates how a member of Parliament, in the discussion of the Kandahar question, referred to the unexampled brevity of the general's dispatch after he had won his great battle on the Indus, "In the quaint belief that such a message had really been sent." But it is more surprising to find an historian like William Lee-Warner accepting the story. In his chapter on India and Afghanistan in the "Cambridge Modern History," Vol. XI, p. 736, after relating how Napier's task was to enforce a new treaty (a penal treaty, it was called) on the Amirs of Scinde, he goes on to say: "That Napier's conscience was pricked by the enterprise intrusted to him, may perhaps be inferred from the humorous message by which he announced his success—Peccavi." Now if a man in the midst of a great slaughter (5,000 Hindus were said to have been killed at Meanee), could sit down and perpetrate a joke about it (to one, as I have said, he had never seen), he must have had a queer sense of humor or a queer conscience or both, and it so happens that Sir Charles himself directly contradicts Lee-Warner's inference. Writing to his sister the day following the slaughter, he says: "Riding over the plain of Meanee afterwards, I said to myself, am I guilty of these horrid scenes? My conscience reproached me not." (Life, Vol. II, p. 326.)

Then, coming down to a still later publication, we have Mr. Herbert Paul in his "History of Modern England," referring to Sir Charles Napier as the "author" of the famous Peccavi dispatch.

Finally, it is to be noted that neither in the Life of Sir Charles above quoted, nor in the brief biography by Sir William Butler in the English Men of Action series, nor in any of the biographical articles on Sir Charles is there the faintest allusion to this alleged Peccavi message.

WALTER WOOLLCOTT.

Correspondence

BOGUS UNIVERSITY DEGREES IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few years since I received a call one afternoon from a gentleman who was teaching in the vicinity. I judged from his conversation that he was a man of great accomplishments, as distinguished honors seemed to have gathered about him. He was a graduate of a famous German university; he had been literary adviser of the Bibliographisches Institut; he had had an offer of the editorship of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He was then a professor in an American university. The ease and fluency with which so many honors had come to this gentleman interested me in his case and led me to write to several places which had been the sources of his successive triumphs. I found that he had been a student at the university which he mentioned, but when he came to present his thesis for his doctorate certain serious considerations

arose as to the authorship of the material presented. He was unknown at the Bibliographisches Institut. He had written one or two articles for the great journal, the editorship of which had been offered to him, the direction of which, however, possessed no further knowledge of him. This gentleman had come to this country, had obtained an instructorship in one of our great universities, and from that vantage ground had obtained a leading chair in the university above mentioned. Reference to a contemporary catalogue of the institution with which he was first connected contained among his titles the date of his graduation in Germany. Later I received a second inquiry from the secretary of the above-mentioned German university, saying that the same gentleman had again presented himself for a degree, but that again his thesis had been found unsatisfactory.

A very versatile professor in another of our largest universities always bore a doctorate received from one of the oldest foreign universities. Having occasion to write a biographical sketch of this gentleman, who was then absent from America, I applied to the university in question for information as to the period in which this professor had studied there and the date of his doctorate. I received in reply a letter from the rector saying that he remembered well the gentleman in question, as he was a fellow-student, that the gentleman had studied only one year at the university in question, and that he had never received a doctorate from that university.

A year or two since a professor in charge of a prominent department in one of our leading universities had occasion to recommend a candidate for a vacancy on the staff of his department. A very attractive applicant presented himself, an excellent master of the subject which he desired to teach. His nomination was about to be sent in to the president when the professor chanced to mention the name of the prospective appointee to a colleague. The latter seemed to remember that a man bearing the same name as the candidate had been connected with some public scandal abroad. Inquiry confirmed the identity of the candidate and the foreigner. Not all bearers of bogus degrees are, as has been shown above, foreigners.

A fourth case might be similarly cited, of recent occurrence, where even more serious consequences were involved than the professional fraud. A search through the lists of teachers in our colleges might suggest larger caution in making appointments.

OBSERVER.

New York, June 5.

EARLY VIRGINIA LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A collection of very early Virginia laws, apparently unique, and unknown to most authorities in America, has turned up in London, and the present holder of the volume, for reasons best known to himself, declines to give fuller details of its collation and contents. The volume was sold last year at auction in London, and purchased by a well-known dealer who sold it to the present owner some months afterwards.

It was described in the sale as "A Complete Collection of the Laws of Virginia."

1662. Folio. With a neat written MS. of 35 leaves entitled 'At a General Assembly Begun at James City 1684.'

This seems to differ from any edition known to authorities on the subject. The known editions read: "The Laws of Virginia Now in Force. Etc. London 1662." There are apparently two of these imprints of the same year with slight variations. One copy is in the John Carter Brown Library and another in the library of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. Volumes with the second imprint are in the Lenox and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania libraries.

I have been unable to find any early record of the laws of Virginia for 1684. Those of "Purvis" are supposed to be of that period, but there is no printed date recorded.

Any MS. laws for 1684 would be quite important, and it is to be hoped that the owner of the volume will ultimately give his consent to have a careful comparison made, with a view to determine in what respects it differs from present known editions of Virginia Laws. J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., June 6.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY JOURNALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Students of seventeenth-century journalism must in this country rely chiefly on books about the periodicals, rather than on the papers themselves. For that reason it may be well to note that Professor Kitchin in his life of Sir Roger L'Estrange, reviewed in your issue of May 8, has consistently written *Oxford Gazette* and *London Gazette*, whereas the file of the periodical in the library of the University of Illinois, complete from the beginning to 1700, bears the titles *Oxford Gazette* and *London Gazette*. He usually refers to L'Estrange's *The Newes* under the title of *Newsbook*, occasionally *News*; nowhere does he mention by title the companion paper issued by L'Estrange, *The Intelligencer*, a file of which lies before me.

FRANK W. SCOTT.

University of Illinois, June 4.

THE ROMAN PORTRAITS DISCOVERED IN EGYPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The promised folio or album of the Roman portraits discovered by Prof. Flinders Petrie in 1911, for the Egyptian Research Account (society), is at last published in London, and copies will be distributed in the United States through the courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution. Twenty-four of these portraits (taken from life) will appear produced by the finest color process. It will be a unique volume in the history of archaeology, and a prized acquisition to our museums and libraries, costing but \$10, the bare price of publication.

Professor Petrie devotes his entire time to the Research Account, whose chief explorations are now at Memphis and Heliopolis. Two illustrated quarto volumes are annually published. Subscribers of but \$5 receive a volume. Every cent received by me goes intact to London, where the total costs in the office are but one per cent.;

so that 99 per cent. goes to exploration and publication. This is phenomenal economy. Circulars free may be had from the official representative in the United States, (Rev.) WILLIAM COPLEY WINSLOW.

525 Beacon Street, Boston, May 31.

"LITTLE DERWENT'S BREAKFAST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have only just read Mr. Axon's interesting note on the above subject in "News for Bibliophiles" in the *Nation* for May 8. In it the writer states that the authorship was "a secret known to some; and is revealed in Boase and Courtenay's 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.'" There is also a possible reference to it in a letter from Sara Coleridge to Miss Emily Trevenen, printed in the "Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge," edited by her daughter, Miss Edith Coleridge, and published in 1873. She writes under date July 12, 1835:

I rejoice, dear Miss Trevenen, to think of your versifying tastes (I am sure I have expressed that sentence as humbly as you yourself would dictate!) As for poetry, in the strict sense of the word, I cannot think that any woman of the present day, whose productions I have seen, has furnished the genuine article from her brain-warehouse, except Mrs. Joanna Baillie.

To this the following foot-note is appended by the editor:

The lady who formed so modest an estimate of her own powers was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Trevenen, rector of Cardinham, in Cornwall, and member of a good old Cornish family. She was a woman of accomplished mind and truly Christian character, and will long be remembered with affectionate respect by those who enjoyed the benefit of her influence and example. A small volume of juvenile poetry, entitled "Little Derwent's Breakfast," written by her for the amusement and instruction of her godson, Derwent Moultrie Coleridge, and published in 1839, was probably referred to by her correspondent in the present passage.

As "Little Derwent" was seven years old when the letter was written, and as that was, in the preface to the booklet, stated to be his age when the poems were composed, Miss Edith Coleridge was probably quite right in her suggestion, although, of course, the poems had not then been published.

S. BUTTERWORTH, Major.

(Late R. A. M. C.)

Carlisle, England, May 30.

Literature

AGRICULTURAL LIFE.

English Farming, Past and Present. By Rowland E. Prothero. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4 net.

Mr. Prothero lacks the skill of the phrasemaker which Mr. Jesse Collings displayed several decades ago in his agitation, both in and out of Parliament, for "three acres and a cow." He is, however, a learned, picturesque, and suggestive advocate of small holdings. He has sat at the feet of Cato and a great company of other Latin masters of the science of agriculture, and has conned the works of the English writers on this subject from the thirteenth century

to the present day. Here we become intimate with our English ancestors of the remotest periods. Their manner of life is so graphically portrayed that our sensibilities are excited on their account. The meagreness of their existence arouses our pity, and yet we feel that, despite their innumerable hardships, their lot was to be preferred to that of the three classes of British agriculturists—landlords, tenant farmers, and agricultural laborers—during the last century and a half.

Large improvements in the mediæval methods of arable farming were impossible until farmers commanded the increased resources of more modern times. In the Middle Ages agriculture was a self-supporting industry rather than a profit-making business. In the days of the early Edwards, few landowners, except the wealthiest, had built permanent residences on their distant estates. Content with temporary accommodation, they travelled with their households and retinues from manor to manor, and from farmhouse to farmhouse, in order to consume on the spot the produce of the fields and live stock.

The horrors of scarcity in winter at that time are hardly imaginable. There was little to mitigate those dreadful occurrences. Nothing, we are reminded, is more characteristic of the infancy of farming than the violence of its alterations. On land which was inadequately manured, and on which neither field turnips nor clovers were known till centuries later, there could be no middle course between the exhaustion of continuous cropping and the rest-cure of barrenness. The fallow was "un véritable Dimanche accordé à la terre." As with the land, so with its products. Famine trod hard on the heels of feasting. It was not only that prices rose and fell with extraordinary rapidity, but for both men and beasts the absolute scarcity of winter always succeeded the relative plenty of summer. Except in monastic granges, no great quantities of grain were stored, and mediæval legislators eyed corn-dealers with the same hostility with which modern engineers of wheat corners are regarded by their victims. The husbandman's golden rule must have been often forgotten—that at Candlemas half the fodder and all the corn must be untouched. Even the most prudent housekeepers found it difficult always to remember the proverbial wisdom of eating within the tether, or sparing at the brink instead of the bottom. Equally violent were the alternations in the employment afforded by mediæval farming. Weeks of feverish activity passed suddenly into months of comparative idleness.

The break-up of the manorial system accompanied the transition from an age of graduated mutual dependence towards an age of greater individual in-

dependence. It meant the removal of restrictions to personal freedom, the encouragement of individual enterprise, the establishment of the principle of competition in determining both money rents and money wages. From another point of view the results were not entirely advantageous. Against the older system might be urged that it created a lack of opportunity which caused local stagnation. In its favor might be pleaded that it maintained a certain level of equality among the households in village communities, presided over by the lord of the manor. Now, however, the struggle for life becomes intensified; the strong go to the front, the weak to the wall; for one man who rises in the social scale, five sink. From the fourteenth century onwards the agricultural problem of holding the balance, even between the economic gain and social loss of agricultural progress, has puzzled the wisest of legislators.

By 1485 one great agricultural change was virtually completed. Feudal landowners, instead of pursuing the patriarchal system of farming their own demesnes by the labor services of their dependents, had become receivers of rents. Home-farms and "assart" or reclaimed lands were cultivated, not by the lords of the manor through bailiffs and labor-rents, but by freeholders, leaseholders, copyholders, and hired laborers. Further changes were close at hand. With the dawn of the Tudor period began the general movement which gradually transformed England into a mercantile 'country. The amount of money in actual use was increasing; men possessed more capital, could borrow it more easily, and lay it out to greater advantage. Commerce permeated national life. Feudalism was dead or dying, and trade was climbing to its throne. The Middle Ages were passing into modern times.

On the agricultural side, the spirit of trading competition gave fresh impulse to an old movement which, in spite of a storm of protest, continued in activity throughout the Tudor period, and after a century and a half of silent progress became once more the centre of literary controversy before it triumphed at the close of the reign of George III. That movement is described as enclosure. Whatever form this movement took, its general drift was towards individual occupation of land. It was always, and particularly in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, directly opposed to the open field system of farming in common.

Agriculturally, the period which opens with the Battle of Bosworth and ends with the early years of Elizabeth was, like all transition periods, full of suffering for those who were least able to adapt themselves to altered conditions. The ruin of noble families by the Wars

of the Roses, the lavish expenditure which Henry VIII made fashionable, the rise in prices, and the difficulty of raising rents, compelled many "unthrifty gentlemen" to sell their estates. The break-up of landed estates, and their passage into new hands, favored the introduction of the commercial impulse. The landholders whose "unreasonable covetousness" was most loudly condemned, were mainly speculators in land, men who had made money in business, had capital to invest, could afford the expense of enclosures, and were determined to make their estates pay. Among the results of this conquest of agriculture by the new spirit of commercial competition there may be noticed, first, the clearer recognition of the advantages of farms held in individual occupation, large enough to make the employment of capital remunerative; secondly, the substitution of pasture for tillage, of sheep for corn, of wool for meat; thirdly, the attack upon the old agrarian partnerships in which lords of the manor, parsons, freeholders, leaseholding farmers, copyholders, and cottagers had hitherto associated to supply the wants of each village.

We are now in position to catch the full force of the argument that underlies this work. Time has strengthened two convictions which the author held thirty years ago. One was, that the small number of those who owned agricultural land might some day make England the forcing-bed of schemes for land-nationalization, which countries where the ownership of the soil rested on a more democratic basis repudiated as destructive of all forms of private property. The other was, that a considerable increase in the number of peasant ownerships, in suitable hands, on suitable land, and in suitable localities, was socially, economically, and agriculturally advantageous. Thirty years ago British agriculture was nearing the end of the period of depression which lasted from 1874 to 1885. After a brief interval of amelioration, it plunged into the disasters of 1891-1899. On the whole, the problems are about the same to-day that they were a quarter of a century ago; time has only accentuated some and modified others. There has been a partial recovery of agriculture from acute depression; but, on the other hand, a resemblance is noted between the two periods in the paralyzing effect of the uncertainty of the political outlook, which, in Mr. Prothero's judgment, is infinitely more menacing than in 1888.

To most onlookers, he declares, it should seem the part of ordinary prudence, without further loss of time, to frame a comprehensive programme of land reform on broad and generous lines while maintaining the principle that private ownership is the only satisfac-

tory system for progressive land-cultivation. The centre of power has shifted. It is no longer landowners or tenant-farmers, either alone or in combination, who hold the key to the rural situation. It is the agricultural laborer. It seems inevitable, to the author of this work, that in the near future sacrifices will be asked both from owners and occupiers of land.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Inside of the Cup. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

No American novelist of the younger generation has seemed so steadily to fulfil and to increase the promise of his youth as Mr. Churchill. The popular success of his earlier stories might easily have led merely to a contented reproduction of their merits and faults. Their merits belonged to them as the work of a born story-teller. Their faults were faults of crudity, such as are seldom outgrown by writers who have not been forced by circumstances to cast them off. "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" were incredibly raw in many ways. Not only was the action often conventional or forced; the style was that of a half-educated person. Syntax was rickety; grammar not seldom went by the board. Here was a writer capable of amusing the mob with the kind of music the mob likes, with the aid of a sort of rough mouth-organ such as the mob loves. Why should he not be satisfied with himself?

The answer to the question is that he had the making and the will of an artist. He has made use of the criticism of others, and has developed a criticism of his own. He has taken his time. Instead of "working twenty-four hours a day," doing double shifts in the literary workshop, and turning out copy at all costs to meet and keep a popular demand, he has labored slowly and with pain. Instead of furnishing a novel or two a year, after the fashion of the confirmed best-seller, he has published one every two years or so. He has found time to study, to think, and to grow. The result has been that up to the present time each of his novels has been in one sense or another a distinct advance upon its predecessor. In vigor of conception, in grace and finish of style—a perfectly simple and natural style, there is little in common except the famous initial C between "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" on the one hand, and "Mr. Crewe's Career" or "A Modern Chronicle" on the other.

We say that up to the present this steady advance has been unbroken. We cannot speak with so much confidence of the place of "The Inside of the Cup" in Mr. Churchill's total work. It is an earnest book; great pains have been

taken with it; it deals with a very real and important problem of our time—perhaps the most important of all problems. But it deals with that problem rather too obviously. It contains not only a theme, but a thesis; not only a problem, but an attempt at its solution. And the writer is so intensely absorbed in his theory that he subordinates everything else to it. The result is less a novel than a tract. That was true, it may be said, of "Robert Elsmere," which reflected the religious unrest of the nineties, somewhat as this novel reflects our own. But as we recall Elsmere himself, he was, with all his quibblings and anguished scruples, a human being. We believed in his existence, and were interested in his religion for his own sake. The Rev. John Hodder, on the contrary, strikes us as the most unreal person Mr. Churchill has introduced into his pages. And this is because he is less interested in him than in what he stands for.

Hodder is an athlete in college, studies law, and is on the threshold of a career as a pleader when he is "called" to the ministry. He becomes a priest of the Protestant Episcopal faith, accepting the dogmas of the Church as the embodiment of true religion. After some years' incumbency in a quiet parish, he is invited to a fashionable city rectorship. The vestry which rules "St. John's" are rich and worldly men; they have chosen Hodder because he is "strictly all-wool orthodox, and can be counted on to keep the parish moving quietly in the old ways." Unfortunately, he has "unorthodox hair," and the smouldering fire of an independent personality to which his creed has hitherto given no play. He is altogether ignorant of the new light thrown by modern science and philosophy upon that creed. The plain thing happens. He wakes to a sense of the shortcomings of his church and his creed, and is shortly at odds with the plutocratic vestry. Here he parts company with the Elsmeres. Instead of leaving the Church of his own volition, he not only determines to remain on general principles, but refuses to resign at the request of the vestry. The bishop upholds him; and we leave him rector of a new St. John's, no longer the subsidized possession of the wealthy and corrupt, but a home for mankind.

This is all interesting, and in its way moving. But the fact remains that we do not care for Hodder. His speech is the speech of parsons; he has no vernacular and little humor, and it is useless for his creator to assert that he has bowels. Mr. Churchill has strong convictions as to the function of religion in modern life. And we believe that his convictions are in the main sound. It is right that he should hold them and wish to convey them. But we believe

he has chosen the wrong means of conveyance. The serial publication of the story aroused so much comment as to call forth an "afterword" for the book. "Nothing," says Mr. Churchill, "could have been farther from my mind than to pose as a theologian, and were it not for one or two of the letters I have received, I should have supposed that no reader could have thought of making the accusation that I presumed to speak for any one except myself. In a book of this kind, the setting forth of a personal view of religion is not only unavoidable, but necessary; since, if I wrote sincerely, Mr. Hodder's solution must coincide with my own—so far as I have been able to work one out." Very well: but Hodder's solution should not have been a matter of debate and sermonizing, it should have been a matter of experience. His enlightenment comes from without, not from within. One person after another takes him by the button and astonishes him by telling him truths only a blind man in his position could have failed to see. And from first to last he is always preaching or preached to. Consequently, the story fails to move of itself, fails to be a story of persons and events. It is a discussion in the form of a novel about Christianity as it is and as it should be.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

"This book," says Sir Gilbert, in a prefatory note, "does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead. It is not in any sense a historical novel. It is in conception and portraiture a work of the imagination." Nevertheless, a historical novel in one sense it is, since it deals with an episode of recent history, and professes to account for that episode. The Boer War is precipitated by the treachery of a half-caste servant of the hero, Rudyard Byng. Byng is that type of hero so frequently met in current English fiction, the South African multimillionaire. He is a rough diamond, a man stark and untrammelled, generous of frame and of spirit. Back "home" with his three millions, he is accepted for them by polite London, and presently falls in love with a finished product of civilization, one Jasmine Grenfel, beautiful and accomplished beyond her years—"so well-poised and yet so sweetly childlike"—as one of her admirers says, "dear Dresden-china Jasmine." She is hard-betrothed to a Londoner of her own circle, but Byng carries her off. She marries him for the power his money will bring; and therewith the trouble begins.

Up to this point the story, written in Sir Gilbert's later and more sophisticated manner, bids fair to be a serious study of a situation between two real

human beings. But, the situation once expounded, the romancer steps in and busies himself with a plot involving intrigues and coincidences, climaxes and curtains—all the machinery of the fiction of incident as contrasted with the fiction of interpretation. Krool, the half-breed villain from the Transvaal, with his satanic nature lighted by a gleam of heroic virtue, is plainly akin to certain popular figures we have met—have been in the habit of meeting—in this writer's earlier stories, to Pretty Pierre and the rest. And whether Byng and Jasmine, with their faults and aspirations, their drifting apart and final reunion, have reality for the reader, depends chiefly on the reader's will to find reality in the conventional extravagances of popular fiction.

JOHN BIGELOW'S MEMOIRS.

Retrospections of an Active Life. By John Bigelow. Vol. IV, 1867-1871; Vol. V, 1872-1879. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$7.50 net.

What we said of the first three volumes of Mr. Bigelow's reminiscences we must repeat of these added two: they sin grievously in bulk. Here are a full thousand pages covering only twelve of the least eventful years of Mr. Bigelow's life. Such a mass of matter can be got together only by indiscriminate and catch-all methods. In fact, the author's desk was swept clear of everything—diary, letters, speeches, newspaper clippings—in a spirit of large leisure hardly known since the Triassic age of literature. Only now and then did the compiler betray a scruple. He printed one letter eight pages long, from a man of no account, about things of no account, and remarked that it really was "voluminous," though he hastened to add that "it will not be found a line too long to any one who reads it through." But nobody can read it through. It would be easy to give many specifications of the intolerable inclusiveness of these volumes. Enough to say, however, that they would have been three times as valuable if one-third as portly. To make an end of venting our spleen, we will only note the occurrence of many misprints and some blunders.

Out of public life at Paris, these volumes show us Bigelow dropping diplomacy to take up literature. It was before leaving Europe for the United States that he got on track of the original manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography which he acquired, and which led to his editing Franklin complete. He wrote copiously about monarchy in France, and concerning modern democratic tendencies—books, pamphlets, magazine articles, and addresses running freely from his pen—and kept up his English and French correspondence. Between him and W. H. Huntington many

letters passed. Huntington was for a long time the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* in Paris. He was a man of original humor and had a lively style, which seemed to prick Bigelow, in his replies, into an unaccustomed sprightliness. The correspondence of the two is the most extensive and, on the whole, the best in the volumes. Bigelow's brief and unhappy experience as editor of the *New York Times*, falls within this period, but is here dispatched hastily. More space is given to the ripening of his friendship with Samuel J. Tilden, and to his dip into politics under that leader's promptings. But all this is more fully covered in Bigelow's "Life of Tilden."

In strict importance and in interest, the extracts given from Bigelow's diary surpass the letters. There are no political or personal revelations of great consequence. One thing of the nature of a curiosity may be cited. Under date of April 5, 1871, Bigelow recorded that Mrs. Bancroft had told him "a story of her husband, who had then gone out, which I had not suspected. She said Johnson, the late President, had a high opinion of Bancroft, and sent for him to prepare his first message." The truth of this was established much later by the evidence of manuscripts in the Congressional Library. Bigelow continued on good terms with Seward, and some of the sayings of that statesman, here set down, make good if often challenging reading. In 1867 Seward said to Bigelow: "Lincoln never knew nor cared anything about the foreign relations. . . . He never questioned anything I did about the foreign relations." But Seward must have forgotten his famous dispatch to England, stricken through by Lincoln's pen, as set forth in facsimile by Nicolay and Hay. Some one asked Seward to write his recollections of public life. He replied, "in a very impassioned manner": "You present to me, sir, the most loathsome task that I could possibly undertake." What Seward had to say in advising Bigelow against choosing Washington as a place of winter residence, was both sagacious and piquant:

A man is of no account here who does not represent a power behind him. Old Jackson knew that so well that the moment he ceased to be President, he lighted his pipe, mounted his horse, started for Tennessee, and never appeared in Washington again. President Pierce planned to stay here after the inauguration of his successor until the weather in New Hampshire should become comfortable. Before he had tarried a week as a private citizen, when he rode as usual up Pennsylvania Avenue no man he passed raised his hat to him or appeared to know who he was or to care. Marcy, too, after he had been Secretary of War, continued to reside in Washington, but was soon entirely overlooked. . . . I would not stay here a day if not in office. . . . I always held on to my country

home at Auburn because, come what come might, there I could be sure of ranking with the first. . . . Go to Orange County and make that your home. There dispense your hospitality and from there you may be felt. But don't come here to be kicked under the feet of Government clerks.

Bigelow's diary and letters are naturally full on the subject of the disputed Presidential election of 1876. It can hardly be said, however, that they throw any fresh historic light upon that vexed controversy. After all was over, and Tilden was beaten—cheated, of course, Bigelow always called it—his friend and intimate made this suggestive record in his diary:

The fact is, an invalid, whatever may be his intellectual ability and experience, always lacks something that is indispensable for leadership. Tilden should have taken the field, so to speak, immediately after the election, gone to Washington, moved amongst, inspired, and directed them. If that had been done, his election would have been a matter of course. But it was impossible. A man who must have a man rub him every morning and evening for an hour or so; who must take a tonic or some other medicinal preparation before each meal; who must ride a couple of hours every day and sleep or rest an hour after it; who, as he once said to me, never knew what it was to eat a square meal in his life or to feel the joy of abounding health; how could such a man be expected to go to Washington, to live there at a hotel, and have not a moment he could call his own for several weeks in succession, and wind up perhaps at the last in a prison? Three days of such a life would knock him up entirely.

Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances. Vol. VI. By H. O. Sommer. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

This volume contains the two concluding branches of the Vulgate cycle of the prose romances, namely, "*Les Aventures ou la Queste del Saint Graal*" and "*La Mort le Roi Artus*." Both of these romances have already been edited, the first by Furnivall (1864), the second by Bruce (1910). But Furnivall's edition of the "*Queste*," being a publication of the Roxburghe Club, has never been generally accessible, and, besides, Dr. Sommer's edition gives the variant readings of the British Museum MSS. and of one of the MSS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale, No. 342, whose value has been brought into prominence by Bruce's edition of the "*Mort Artu*," as this last member of the cycle has also been called. In our review (May 26, 1910) of the first two volumes of this work we pointed out that, for the "*Mort Artu*" as for the "*Estoire del Saint Graal*," the MS. which forms the basis of Dr. Sommer's edition (British Museum, Add. 10292-4) offered a somewhat abbreviated text. In the present volume Dr. Sommer tacitly

acknowledges the justice of this criticism by incorporating (in brackets) into the body of his text the fuller readings of other MSS. and, indeed, at the turning-point of the story (the plot of Arthur's nephews to catch Lancelot with Guinevere) by substituting for the text of this MS. that of the British Museum MS., which, as was observed in Bruce's edition, stands closest to MS. 342 of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The plan of these volumes naturally allows no scope for the discussion of the problems which are connected with the romances here printed. This has not deterred the editor, however, from many confident pronouncements. For instance, the problem of the relation of the "*Queste*" and the "*Mort Artu*" is not to be settled by the few lines which Dr. Sommer devotes to it at the bottom of page 204, especially as his own view of the matter requires the setting aside of the whole manuscript tradition. Italics have no power to convert assertion into argument, and these questions will have to be settled on the old basis of evidence and reason. One may remark incidentally that no one expects acknowledgments from Dr. Sommer—else it would surprise the reader who is familiar with these matters to find him pointing out, as if it were his own discovery, that the very important account of Gawain's killing of Bademagus, which is missing from all known MSS. of the "*Queste*," is preserved in the MS. 112 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, although this fact was noted (for the first time) in Bruce's edition of the "*Mort Artu*." On the other hand, it is inept for Dr. Sommer to speak indefinitely, as in the case of the passage concerning Arthur's translation to Avalon, of what is recorded in "by far the larger number of the MSS. I have seen," when in the edition just named the readings of every MS. in the British Museum, Bodleian, and Bibliothèque Nationale (except MS. 122, omitted by oversight), are recorded with exact reference to folio and column.

The two branches included in the present volume are the shortest of the whole cycle, but they have supplied more material to modern literature than all the rest put together. In point of literary merit there is nothing in the remaining branches to equal the "*Mort Artu*," except the earlier portions of the "*Merlin*" and "*Lancelot*." Even in the "*Mort Artu*" the descriptions of fighting assume too large a place, but, on the whole, it maintains a higher level of interest than the rest. Here, for the first time, we have the stories of Lancelot and Elaine, of Sir Bedivere and the sword, and, generally speaking, in all substantial particulars, the story of the love affair of Lancelot and Guinevere, in the form in which it has become so familiar to the modern world through Malory and Tennyson. In the same way,

the "Queste," here printed, is mainly responsible for modern conceptions concerning the Holy Grail. The old French romance, however, is itself dull reading. The only advantage it possesses over most branches of the cycle is in its more coherent plot. But the popularity of the central conception is due manifestly rather to the hold which religion has had on the minds of men in all ages than to any literary excellence of this particular romance.

Dr. Sommer announces here his intention of adding to his series the publication of the "Merlin" continuation of MS. 337 of the Bibliothèque Nationale and some fragments that have been preserved of the French originals of the Spanish and Portuguese "Demandas." The former is well known through Freymond's very minute analysis, but the text itself will, of course, be welcome. In our own opinion, however, Dr. Sommer would be performing an even greater service if he should complete the materials that are extant for the study of the composition of the "Lancelot" by rendering accessible the variant version (still unprinted) of the beginning of Part II of this romance.

Notes

In response to numerous appeals, the London *Times* has determined to begin an issue of reprints of its special articles in handy volumes at the price of a shilling each. There has already appeared the series on "Labour and Industry in 1913." Others in the press are on "The Golf Courses of the Riviera" and "Some French Cathedrals." The publisher is John Murray.

"The Samson-Saga and its Place in Comparative Religion" is the title of a volume by Dr. Smythe Palmer, which Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are bringing out.

The Oxford University Press will soon publish a critical edition of the Purāna text of the dynasties of the Kāli age in ancient India, prepared by F. E. Pargiter. It is based on the version common to the Matsya, Vāyu, and Brahmānda Purānas, supplemented from the Vishnu, Bhāgavata, and Garuda Purānas. The printed editions and some sixty MSS. have been collated. A translation, a full introduction, and an index are supplied. These texts are the only literary record of the chief dynasties that reigned in Northern India from about 1000 B. C. to A. D. 330.

Miss Marion Polk Angellotti, author of "The Burgundian," has written another historical romance, which the Century Co. will publish this month under the title of "Harlette." Harlette is a peasant woman with whom Duke Robert of Normandy was infatuated.

Volume VI of "The Graphic Arts Year Book," forthcoming, treats the general subject of advertising on the editorial lines suggested by the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. It may be noted that

Mr. Tobey, of Hamilton, O., who is publishing the volume, had his establishment almost destroyed by the great floods.

The house in which George Borrow lived at Norwich is to be kept as a permanent museum. A Borrow celebration will be held in that town on July 5.

Special phases of library work will be considered by the librarians of the United States and Canada at their thirty-fifth annual conference at Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskills, June 23 to 28.

On Thursday of last week the French Academy awarded the Grand Prize of Literature, amounting to \$2,044, to M. Romain Rolland for his novel, "Jean-Christophe," a work of monumental length tracing the career of a musical composer. M. Rolland was successful over MM. Psichari and Clermont.

The Statesman's Year-Book for 1913 is the jubilee volume of this valuable publication, since it first appeared fifty years ago. In commemoration of this fact, the introduction contains a retrospect of the principal events in the history of the world during the last half-century, and maps of the different continents in 1863 and 1913, showing especially the marvellous growth of railways in all parts of the world, except the Turkish Empire. The only change in the main body of the work is that a separate notice is given of each Canadian province. Considerable additions have also been made to the agricultural statistics.

The geographic and economic history of Michigan is outlined with many interesting and suggestive facts, in the May Bulletin of the American Geographical Society, by Mr. George J. Miller, of the University of Chicago. Many readers will be surprised to learn that its settlement, which began at Detroit in 1701, was delayed by the belief that the interior was a vast swamp which might well be left to the fur-bearing animals and to the trappers and hunters. Till 1830 there was very little growth. The article is illustrated by nine charts showing the distribution of population in the different counties during the last hundred years. Attention is also directed to the expedition sent out in March by the University Museum of Philadelphia to explore the vast forests of the Amazon where primitive peoples still roam, as they did before Columbus, untouched by civilization. Much geographical work will be done, but the special studies will be of the native arts and industries, social organization, religious beliefs, and linguistic relationship. Material will be collected for an exhibition to illustrate the life of the Amazonian tribes. It is the last great unexplored tract of the earth's surface.

"The R. L. Stevenson Originals" (Scribner), by E. B. Simpson, follows Scott and Dickens in the series of popular accounts of where authors found their characters. The present is a very original book in one respect: instead of studying Stevenson's treatment of material it gives an account of his life, living-places, and friends. In a soprano voice the author recites the oft-repeated story from his frail childhood to the last day in the Pacific, sometimes with a quaver of sympathy, frequently with that note of quaintness in expression which is supposed to give the literary tone. Most of the narrative bears little relevancy to

the supposed topic in hand, as the story of his affectionate regard for his nurse "Cummy." Some of it is told with more detail in other volumes, as the account of the Appin trial, used in "Kidnapped," which Mr. McKay has given at length in his "Notable Trials." A veil of sentiment is cast over the outlines of the biography, but from various easily accessible sources appear glimpses of R. L. S. that stick in the memory as characteristic of his boyish disposition. There are, too, a large number of reproductions of portraits, autograph letters, and photographs which bring his friends and his surroundings home to the reader. On this account, if not on others, the volume will be welcomed by numerous members of the Stevenson cult.

There is no other development of the long-continued struggle between paganism and idealism which John Kelman, D.D., believes to be the theme of his "Among Famous Books" (Doran) than is involved in frequent references to paganism and idealism in all of the ten lectures that make up the book.

"College Sermons" (Longmans), by Langdon Cheves Stewardson, ex-president of Hobart College, possess the qualities which should characterize religious discourses to students—simplicity and directness of expression, candor in confession of faith and statement of difficulties, earnestness of moral appeal, and elevation and nobility of spiritual aspiration. There is no cheap appeal about them, no flattery, no straining for eloquence or effect, but they hold attention and lift the spirit by force of thought and the compelling truth of the ideals they set forth. The volume is a sufficient answer to the cavil one sometimes hears that broad churchmanship has lost its faith and its power of evangelic utterance. The sermons were preached at Lehigh University, where their author was formerly chaplain, at Hobart College, Columbia University, and the University of Michigan.

"The Bend in the Road" (Harper), by Truman A. DeWeese, shows one of our modern tendencies towards the country. It is a pleasant volume of informal essays, preaching the wisdom of the business man who, while maintaining his city employment and winter residence, provides himself with a refuge in the country, where ten acres supply summer happiness. We are amused at the description (accurately illustrated) of the author attacking a mullein with a mattock, but on the whole the book is full of sound sense. It is not "practical": only of the culture of grapes do we get a close glimpse, and in general the author smiles when he finds himself explaining his methods. He offers wholesomeness, contentment, and the way to a cheerful old age.

The aim of Mr. J. H. P. Murray in writing "Papua or British New Guinea" (Scribner), the Australian Territory of which he has been Lieutenant-Governor since 1906, was to "excite a sympathetic interest in the little-known but often attractive inhabitants of a beautiful and fertile land." A brief description of the geographical features of the country and its history is followed by a detailed account of the different tribes. Some idea in regard to their numbers may be gained from the fact that

on one occasion he counted seventeen different languages spoken by a boatload of natives, "some of them probably differing as much from one another as English and Chinese." Through the methods employed the Government has succeeded in winning the confidence of the natives, who "are on the whole a law-abiding people." Raids, head-hunting, cannibalism, and village warfare have virtually ceased, and the general happiness has been increased. The exploration work of the miners, missionaries, and Government officers, especially that of former Lieut.-Gov. Sir William MacGregor, is described at some length. The concluding chapters treat of the development of the Territory, which is rich in natural resources—the total output of gold being about six million dollars. There are also copper, coal, and petroleum deposits. Its sparse population and the consequent lack of labor are the chief causes of its limited development. The one strong impression left by the book is the wonderful contrast between conditions in Papua and those in the adjoining colony of Dutch New Guinea. This is largely owing to the very different natural conditions, but much credit must also be given to the wise and truly paternal methods of the English in governing natives of low degree. There are thirty-eight reproductions of photographs (an especially interesting one being of cat's cradle as played by two native girls), and a map.

J. D. E. Loveland's "The Romance of Nice" (Stokes) is one of the usual books written about a place more famous for its picturesqueness than for its historical importance. Mr. Loveland has gleaned the legends, the bits of history, and the recent gossip, and has added descriptions of the neighboring provincial places which strangers visit. His story, though amateurish, will interest readers not too exacting. He does not always write correctly. He uses "Guelfic" for instance, which is as bad as "Ghibellinic" would be; but he is industrious, and he has chosen several excellent illustrations.

A third edition of Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang's "Short History of Ancient Egypt," first issued in 1903, bears the American imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co. The preface, which is dated September, 1911, does not indicate that the text has undergone revision, and a cursory examination fails to show material changes. On the contrary, some statements to which exception was taken when the book first appeared—for example, the account (pp. 18, 19) of military successes ascribed to Narmer—remain unchanged, save, in this case, for the footnote, confusing when taken in connection with the text, that "the identification of Mena with Narmer is now to be inferred from the certain identity of Atet, his successor, with Aha." As a brief summary of early Egyptian history, the volume is readable and informing; but in a work which professes, as this does, to embody important new points of view, the reader might fairly ask some indication of what is documentary fact and what is the authors' interpretation. It is to be regretted that the publishers did not give the book a more attractive form.

A useful addition to the philosophical library issued by the Open Court Company is a volume containing the text of La Mettrie's "L'Homme Machine," with a

translation, "Man a Machine," founded on the version made by Miss Gertrude C. Bussey. The text is taken from a Leyden edition of 1748 (the first edition is of the same year and place), and typographical errors have been corrected by Lucien Arréat, of Paris. Extracts, in English, from "The Natural History of the Soul," and explanatory notes have been adapted from a thesis written by Miss Bussey. The translation, for which in its present form Prof. M. W. Calkins is responsible, follows the French closely and, so far as we have examined, faithfully. La Mettrie, for his relation to English Deism and French materialism, has considerable historical interest.

"Fanning's Narrative; being the Memoirs of Nathaniel Fanning, an officer of the Revolutionary Navy, 1778-1783," edited and annotated by the late John S. Barnes, has been reprinted by the Naval History Society of New York. The Society has shown commendable enterprise, for the earlier editions of 1806 and 1808 are now extremely rare. The edition of 1825, to which Buell refers in his Life of Paul Jones, was never published, but existed, as did so much of the romance of his book, solely in the imagination of the biographer. His pretended quotations from that edition were pure fabrications, as was his elaborate plan, which he attributed to the pen of Paul Jones, for the establishment and regulation of the American navy, and which high authorities have called the "moral and intellectual charter of Annapolis." Other biographers of Paul Jones have used Fanning, but, as the editor shows, with more caution than was necessary, for Fanning was Jones's secretary or clerk, handled much of his correspondence, and, moreover, evidently kept a diary or journal from which he refreshed his memory as he wrote this narrative. His is the most detailed and circumstantial account in existence of the encounter between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, and Fanning's position in the tops gave him an advantage in witnessing the struggle. He is frankly an admirer of Jones, but tells some stories of his peccadilloes, in which Fanning, with a rough sailor's morality, saw no harm. The narrative is valuable not only for its picture of the life of an American privateersman and its account of Jones's famous cruise, but for the observations made in France just before the Revolution.

The reader of "Camp and Tramp in African Wilds" (Lippincott) will be convinced that the Central African savages are brave, generous, trustworthy, with strong family affections and keen observers and lovers of nature. The author, Mr. E. Torday, had abundant opportunities for studying them during his six and a half years' residence in Africa. The first four years were spent in the extreme southeastern part near Lake Tanganyika and the remainder in the central part in the basin of the Kasai. While not concealing the savage traits of the natives, he brings out their good ones. When the vanquished in a wrestling match which he organized burst into tears of rage, the other, "with a fine gesture, handed him over the prize he had just won, saying, 'Now don't be angry any more; you got the licking and you shall have the prize, too.'"

In one village through which he passed a little boy, born blind, was a universal favorite. During his two journeys across the state he can "honestly say that he has never come across a tribe which was not naturally good-tempered." Their frequent tribal wars, he adds, are as a rule "no more deadly than mediæval tournaments." He maintains that "the native has as minute a knowledge of birds, beasts, and plants as is possessed by the most enthusiastic collector in Europe. . . . In powers of observation they are strikingly superior to Europeans. . . . If a partridge calls, they can show you the very bush in which it is sitting, though it may be two or three hundred yards away." The book is attractively put together with 42 reproductions of photographs and an excellent map.

Mr. John Macy entitles his volume of critical essays "The Spirit of American Literature" (Doubleday, Page)—ironically, for he immediately declares that "the American spirit in literature is a myth." The chief reason he assigns is that we write and speak English over here, and—what is more important, since authors gain their ideas and inspiration, not from the life around them, but from books—that we have long read English poems and novels. The humble reader instantly discovers in Mr. Macy a critic at once original and profound, who looks quite through the deeds of men, and their books, too. The critic himself would probably attribute his superior vision to a conspicuous pair of Socialistic goggles. The accepted and conservative is everywhere hooted out of court as "the stupidity of learned doctors and acknowledged teachers of æsthetics." Quietly humorous and picturesque transcripts from life are negligible, since they do not draw "the grand passions, sexual or other." Mr. Howells does not know life because he would not know "how to sit down and eat his grub with a bunch of workmen and find out what they think of things." Viewed in this spirit, various American authors from Irving to Henry James file past. Hawthorne's romance, the enlightened critic finds, does not "convince the reader whose fancy has been clarified." Of Whitman we learn, "In no other volume of poetry, in neither Dante nor Shakespeare, are so many motives of life so powerfully suggested, blent, interfused, as in 'Leaves of Grass.'" Mr. Traubel is pronounced a greater biographer than Boswell.

In statement of fact Mr. Macy's book swarms with errors. It is ingeniously full of them. In dealing with his most admired poet, Whitman, about whom we should suppose him to possess the fullest and most accurate knowledge, he declares, "He edited the 'Brooklyn Eagle' in 1874-8." Probably he means 1847-8, but it is very well established that Whitman's connection dates from 1846. He continues, "The next year he tramped over the country west to the Great Lakes, south to New Orleans, supporting himself by free-lance contributions to newspapers." Now Whitman himself tells of the bargain made between acts in the Broadway Theatre for his connection with the New Orleans Crescent and of his trip thither in 1848, not the next year. His wanderings were up from New Orleans. Mr. Macy adds: "During the war he wrote for the newspapers and was volunteer nurse in the hospitals at Washington." This slipshod

statement misleads. His residence in Washington dates from December, 1862, when he went thither to seek a wounded brother. The next sentence reads: "He was clerk in several departments of the Government at Washington from 1865 to 1874, when he was stricken with partial paralysis." The records show only two departments in which he worked, the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior and the Attorney-General's office. Every one knows of the charges of immorality which led to the change to the Attorney-General's office. The partial paralysis referred to in this sentence came in 1873.

Even less defensible, if possible, are Mr. Macy's misstatements concerning William James, at whose feet he sat and whom he regards with a deep personal admiration. A sentence reads, "He died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 26, 1910." One would suppose that memory of an event so recent about one he loved would remind him that Professor James died at his summer home on Lake Chocorua, New Hampshire. A few sentences further on we read the extraordinary statement that "he gave the Gifford lectures at Edinburgh in 1899-1911." This is evidently a case for the Society for Psychological Research. When Mr. Macy begins to mention dates of publication, there is simply no keeping count of the errors.

To persons interested in Greek study it is gratifying that Macmillan should have found it desirable to bring out a new issue of Professor Frazer's "Pausanias." This book, a true masterpiece of rich and sane scholarship, was reviewed in two issues of the *Nation*, in December, 1898, the year in which it appeared. Scholars were quick to recognize its very high merit and to realize that no good library of the classics could be without it. The second edition is merely a reprint of the first, with the correction of a few errors, and the addition of a few references in the indices. Professor Frazer states in a prefatory note that he hopes he may at some future time be able to add a supplementary volume or volumes, which shall take note of recent excavations. Scholars will earnestly wish that his hope may be realized. In the meantime some regret may be felt that the *Addenda* of Vol. V could not have been increased by a few pages of classified bibliography covering the excavations in Greece since 1898. Such a bibliography would have greatly enhanced the immediate practical value of the book to students.

The Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., professor of Christian symbolics in the Union Theological Seminary, with which he had been connected for nearly forty years, died at his apartments in that institution on Sunday. He was born in New York in 1841. He studied at the University of Virginia from 1857 to 1860, at Union Theological Seminary from 1861 until 1863, and at the University of Berlin from 1866 to 1869. He had received the degree of D.D. from the following colleges: In 1875, from Princeton; in 1884, from Edinburgh; in 1894, from Williams, and in 1901 from Glasgow. In 1901 Oxford honored him with the degree of D.Litt. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1870, and from 1870-1874 held a pastorate at Roselle, N. J. Dr. Briggs joined the teaching staff of Union Seminary in 1874, and first came into prominence in 1891,

when he was transferred from the chair of Davenport professor of Hebrew to that of Biblical theology. On the occasion of his transfer he delivered an address on "The Authority of Holy Scripture," which brought such adverse criticism from the religious press that after the complete text appeared the New York Presbytery appointed a committee to consider the address in its relation to the "Confession of the Faith." The attack was made against both man and institution, and because of the breach that followed the Presbyterians lost not only Dr. Briggs but the Union Theological Seminary. He was the author of several books on theological subjects, among them "The Case of Dr. Briggs," in three parts, and "The Fundamental Christian Faith"; the latter was reviewed in the *Nation* of May 22, this year.

Lucius Harwood Foote died last week in San Francisco. He was born at Winfield, N. Y., in 1826; was educated at Western Reserve, receiving the degree of A.B. in 1850 and that of A.M. in 1853. In 1882 he was Minister to Korea, and the following year, in the revolt at Seoul, distinguished himself in the protection of the Japanese and other foreigners. For his services he received personal messages of thanks from the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor of Korea, and the Government of China. Mr. Foote was the author of "Red-Letter Day and Other Poems" and "On the Heights."

Science

The Flight of Birds. By F. W. Headley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Now that the era of practical aeroplanes is close upon us, a book such as this can command a wide attention. In a volume of some one hundred and fifty pages Mr. Headley has given briefly and clearly the main facts concerning the flight of birds, with interesting side notes on the efforts which mankind is making to imitate them. The first six chapters deal with the mode and method of flight, Gliding, Stability, Motive Power, Starting, Steering, Stopping, and Alighting. Succeeding chapters discuss the Machinery and Rapidity of Flight, Varieties of Wings, and the Relation between Wind and Flight. Although the study of flight involves a thorough knowledge of higher mathematics and physics, the author has kept his treatment of the subject popular.

From the first it is clear that what man has to think about, the bird does instinctively, and that the only real comparison between the efforts of birds and men is when the former are sailing or soaring. The comparison of birds of varying size brings forth many points of view, which will be new to most readers. One is that in proportion to his weight, the big flyer requires comparatively very small supporting surface. Thus if a swallow had proportionately a stork's allowance of wing surface, it would have but two inches on each

side, while a gnat would have more than four and a half square yards for a single pound of weight.

The author discusses the automatic safeguards which birds possess, the frequent cases of body twisting and of steering with feet instead of with the tail, which explain a bird's control of direction even when the entire tail has accidentally been lost. As regards stability, Mr. Headley states truly that a bird does not maintain a steady, careful equilibrium, but makes a constant readjustment to every gust and vagary of wind. The bird does not "fly stupidly into a telegraph wire," but simply does not see it until too late to evade it. In the Machinery of Flight we have a review of well-known facts of the structure of bones, muscles, and feathers as adapted to flight; which calls for no especial mention. Mr. Headley still maintains the theory that soaring, such as the slow upward spiralling of vultures, is made possible by upward currents. It is probable, however, that we have as yet no clue to the real solution of this wonderful phenomenon.

The chapter on Pace and Last sums up our knowledge of the rapidity and extent of flight and endurance of birds on migration and at other times. A French homing pigeon has a record of one hundred and six miles an hour. The migrants which travel many hundreds of miles overseas without rest, undoubtedly subsist upon the fat stored within their own bodies. A bird with a very slow stroke—say, one hundred and thirty to the minute—if on the wing only twelve hours, must contract his flight muscles more than ninety-three thousand times! From such facts as these one may appreciate the wonderful adjustment of a bird's heart, lungs, and senses.

Many photographs, chiefly of pigeons, taken in all conditions and phases of flight, help greatly to explain the text.

Many people are deterred from the cultivation of lilies by the fear that these stately plants may not respond readily to such treatment as amateurs can bestow. H. S. Adams has prepared a useful handbook which should remove this fear. It is entitled "Lilies" (McBride, Nast), and comprises within some hundred duodecimo pages about all the information any amateur gardener requires for the selection and management of the more desirable varieties. The author is explicit in regard to all important features of caring for these plants from first to last, and presents his suggestions in such plain language that no one can go astray. The photographic illustrations are up to the average of black-and-white figures, and are well selected. To all readers the chapter on Lilies that Are Not Lilies will prove exceedingly attractive.

John McLennan's "Manual of Practical Farming" has been reissued by the publishers in the Macmillan Standard Library,

the sale of the book during the past three years apparently justifying this popular form. We can repeat what in substance we said on the book's appearance. It succinctly covers the wide field of farming, combining with sound practice enough of theory to give the farmer confidence in new-fangled notions. It is too much to expect that the book, or others of the same kind, will ever change the practice of the older generation of our agriculturists, but put in the hands of younger men it should greatly improve the old style of farming. The reduced price of the book (50 cents) should extend its popularity.

The same pleasant style of Martha Evans Martin's earlier work, "The Friendly Stars," is apparent throughout her new book, "The Ways of the Planets" (Harpers). She has done for the heavens what Mrs. William Starr Dana's writing on our common wild flowers has done for botany. After careful reading one should be able to recognize the greater planets quite as easily as one can tell asters from ironweed. The author gives vivid comparisons which easily fix related ideas, as, for instance (p. 18), "From the nearest star it takes light more than four years to come to us. From the nearest planet light comes in less than three minutes, and from the farthest one it makes the journey in a little more than four hours." Difference in speed between the "slow-journeing planets" and the "flying stars," which seem to us eternally fixed, is well illustrated on pp. 24-25. Ignoring the "capture theory," the author clearly outlines the spiral nebula hypothesis, accepting the agreement of most astronomers that "the whole solar family, including the sun and all the planets, has been evolved from a great nebula, which, in one form or another, at one time filled practically the whole of the immense space from the sun to the outermost planet of the system." The motions of planets, always a confusing subject to the lay mind, with their advances, loops, and apparent retrogressions, are very simply presented. Also, the paths of the planets along the ecliptic and their progress through the constellations of the zodiac are plainly set forth with a chart. The separate chapters on each planet contain all necessary information. Mercury is treated picturesquely; "the same weight of feathers that would compose a pillow here would make a whole feather bed on Mercury" (p. 107). Various debatable theories, at least those in respectable standing, are recounted without prejudice and described as "still open." Of these the rotation of Venus is one (p. 142); and of the hotly waged battles over Mars, a fair story of Flagstaff theories is given, to which is added the statement that to many persons differently constituted they form "too complete an explanation" (p. 177). Dates when the planets may be conveniently seen are frequently given, sometimes in tables, occasionally in the text. The reader grasps the distinction between density and mass when he learns that Saturn is the only planet which could float in water. The myriads of small planets are set forth in popular language, though not so graphically as in Miss Clerk's concise phrase, "easier to catch than to keep." Comparatively few slips, typographic or other, occur, though *canall* (p. 174) is a rather curious error. And why (p. 87) is Mercury made masculine and Mars neuter? There

are a few excellent reproductions of photographs taken at Mt. Wilson and Yerkes, with a convenient table of symbols, and a fairly large index.

Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, founder of the British Hospital for Mental Disorders, died Sunday in London. He was born in that city in 1844, and was educated at Rugby and Downing College, Cambridge. Dr. Winslow had been engaged in the principal lunacy investigations during the last twenty-five years in England, and had also been retained in several homicide cases. He was the author of "Manual of Lunacy," "Mad Humanity," "Eccentricity of Youth Leading to Crime," "Fasting and Feeding," "Uncontrollable Drunkenness," "Spiritualistic Madness," "Handbook for Attendants on the Insane," "Lunacy Law in England," "The Suggestive Power of Hypnotism," and "Recollections of Forty Years."

Music and Drama

Clara Schumann. By Berthold Litzmann. Translated by Grace E. Hadow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. \$8 net.

About a year after the death of Clara Schumann—the widow of the great composer, and famous herself as a pianist and writer of songs and pianoforte pieces—Berthold Litzmann was asked by her children to write her biography. For divers reasons, he declined the task, which was then entrusted to Julius Allgeyer, who, however, died before he had got beyond Clara's girlhood. Herr Litzmann thereupon agreed to undertake the work. He had at his disposal no fewer than forty-seven manuscript volumes of Frau Schumann's diaries, besides countless letters written by her to her husband, as well as to Brahms and other friends, together with the replies. Out of this superabundant material Herr Litzmann constructed three volumes. The translator has wisely condensed these into two. The first includes the most romantic of all musical love stories—Schumann's long and desperate struggle for the hand of Clara Wieck, whose father resorted to the most amazing measures to thwart his designs. In the second, the tragedy is related of Schumann's mental decline and death, and the same volume has much to say about the widow's subsequent friendship with Brahms and her experiences as a concert pianist and teacher. About her were grouped Joachim, Bargiel, and other foes of Wagner and Liszt, whose antics and opinions, as recorded in these pages, give further interest to Litzmann's volumes, making them, indeed, a moving-picture show of many interesting episodes of musical peace and war during the years comprising Clara Schumann's life, 1819-1896.

Her father, Friedrich Wieck, had intended from her babyhood to make an artist of her; hence his wrath when he

found that she loved Robert Schumann even more than him, and wanted to become a Hausfrau. He could not foresee that she was capable of rising higher both as pianist and composer than any other woman had ever risen, and yet be the devoted, self-sacrificing mother of seven children. She was only nine years old when Robert, aged nineteen, as a pupil of her father, first met her. The diary, started for her by her father, begins about this time and vividly narrates all the details of the five years' courtship. Schumann was madly in love with her, and the torments inflicted on him during these years doubtless had much to do with undermining his health and bringing about his mental collapse. His failure as a conductor, after his marriage, further hastened the catastrophe. He was, like some other great composers, not a good conductor, for he "listened to the music in his own mind rather than to the actual performance." Violent altercations ensued, and at last he was requested to resign his position at Düsseldorf. This was not only an artistic humiliation, but made it necessary for his wife to work the harder as a pianist, since, although he was near the end of his career, he could not support the family from the sales of his compositions. He was, indeed, far less known than she was. "Are you musical, too?" he was asked, about this time, by the King of Holland after she had played at a royal *soirée*.

Most of the details regarding Schumann's illness have long been known, but none are so pathetic as those written by his wife and widow in her diary, now first made public. His death left her with a family of four girls and three boys, the oldest being only fifteen, while the youngest had never seen his father. In these days of grief the friendship of Brahms was a great solace. They had met when Schumann was still living. At the time of his death, she was thirty-four, Brahms twenty-two. Together they had witnessed his agony: "Johannes and I spent the whole day out there, going in and out of his room, but often only looking at him through the little window in the wall. He suffered dreadfully, though the doctor would not admit it. His limbs twitched continually, and he often spoke vehemently. Ah! I could only pray God to release him, because I loved him so dearly."

The friendship between Clara Schumann and Brahms is almost as interestingly told in these pages as her courtship with Robert. Though she travelled much, to support her large family by recitals, they met wherever it was possible, and often made long tours on foot together. Like her husband, she took to his music passionately from the beginning, and soon there was hardly a musical god beside him. The fervor of the most rabid Wagnerites pales into in-

significance by the side of her frenetic enthusiasm for Brahms. She quarrelled with her friend Jenny Lind because that great artist refused to worship at the same shrine. She broke lances for Brahms daily. In Hamburg, his birth-town, she was so happy because he conducted for her that not even "the stupidity of the audience," which gave "no mark of sympathy" and did not even show "proper respect" for him, annoyed her. His music moved her to tears. More and more it monopolized her affection, until, in 1884, we find this entry in the diary: "How sad it is that there is no one but Brahms whom one can look up to and admire as an artist."

By artist she meant not only Brahms as a composer, but as a pianist. Wagner found Brahms's playing "wooden," but to her he was far superior to all the others, including Liszt, Rubinstein, and Bülow. In the first volume are recorded some enthusiastic remarks on Liszt's playing, but after Brahms (who loathed Liszt) appeared on the scene, she also detested him. His compositions she found "the most dreadful stuff," particularly the sonata which he dedicated to her husband; while as for his playing, "there is no longer any music, nothing but a diabolical buzzing and banging." Bach's chromatic fantasia he played "horribly." Rubinstein she liked personally, and she enjoyed his "Ocean" symphony, but he, too, could not play the piano; he "played Beethoven's G major concerto abominably." Bülow seems to have been quite beneath contempt. To her, he was "the most wearisome player," and he "thumped," while his famous and much-used analyses of the works of Bach and Beethoven so "disfigure" them that they are "hardly recognizable." Moreover, Bülow was a friend of Wagner, and Wagner disputes with Liszt the title of the archfiend in music. The thousands who are now enthusiastically celebrating the Wagner centenary will surely pause on reading Clara Schumann's prophecy, made in 1876, that Wagnerism is "a passing intoxication." She could not deny that even those who really understand music find beauties in it, "but," she adds, "they deceive themselves." Had not Brahms, the "only artist," written to her after hearing "Die Meistersinger": "I am not enthusiastic myself—either about this work or about Wagner himself"? And had she not heard the Wagnerian operas and found them bad?—"Tristan" being "repulsive"; "Rheingold" like "wading about in a swamp"; while "boredom predominated" in "Die Walküre," and so on.

A list of Clara Schumann's own compositions is given in the second volume; some of them had considerable vogue for a time. Of greater interest are the eleven pages devoted to a list of the works she studied or played in public

in the years 1824 to 1889. Her experiences as a concert pianist in Germany, France, and England make interesting reading, and the devotees of Brahms will eagerly peruse the letters he wrote to Clara Schumann. In one of them he says: "To my mind, longing is one of the most pleasant of feelings; it thrills so sweetly that a sense of well-being pervades one."

The overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was played by the London Philharmonic in 1854, when it was nine years old. It took the opera twenty-two years longer to reach London.

Rosa Newmarch writes in the *Russian Review* that at present music in Russia has rebounded from the national ideal, and not, in her opinion, entirely to its detriment. The obligation to write always in a patriotic spirit, to choose only national subjects for opera and programme music, to set every line of the Russian poets to music, and to model every melody on the folk-tune pattern, gave to some of the later music of the nationalists an air of monotony and perfunctoriness. The younger generation grew a little weary of the burden of nationalism, and ceased to concern themselves with the solidarity of a particular school whose position had been won, and whose mission was accomplished. Something like a complete revolution has now taken place, and Moscow—once reproached for its cosmopolitanism, and lukewarm attitude towards the patriotic enthusiasms of the modern capital—is now upbraided for its conservatism and continued adherence to the traditions of Tchaikovsky.

Thirty years ago, Saint-Saëns conceived the plan of writing an oratorio about Moses, but it was not till last autumn that he carried it out. It will have its first performance next autumn, in England. The work is divided in several parts: The Promise, The Offence, The Punishment, Death of Moses. The point of the drama lies in the disobedience of Moses when he "lifted up his hand and smote the rock."

Mr. George Moore's play, "Esther Waters," which he has made out of his well-known novel of the same name, now appears in printed form (Luce & Co.). It was produced in London a year or more ago, by the Stage Society, with only moderate success, and is not likely, without radical modification and improvement, to find its way again speedily to the footlights. This does not mean that it is a work without substantial merits of its own. It is informed with definite and solid purpose, is veracious in its details, and contains some effective theatrical incidents, but it is slow in action, and without freshness of fact or invention to give interest to sordid and familiar themes—except in one or two spirited race-course descriptions. As in the case of innumerable earlier stage adaptations of moving tales of fiction, the story, stripped of its literary adornments, is revealed as an ordinary and unattractive skeleton. It is true that the personages in the play are all recognizable types, and that they are consistently and logically handled, albeit with a somewhat too mathematical

precision, but they are cast in such common moulds, and are conducted through such obvious courses, that they are incapable of provoking either curiosity or suspense. The literary skill of their creator, or reproducer, is manifested in the appropriateness of the dialogue which he puts into their mouths, and it may be granted, very readily, that his representation of the incalculable mischief done to the manners and morals of the British working classes by the betting mania which rages among them is very little, if at all, exaggerated. His knowledge of the seamiest side of the lower sporting world, its language and its habits, is intimate and peculiar, and he paints the horrors of baby-farming—as they used to be when "Esther Waters" was first written—in vivid colors. But he has nothing new or enlightening to say on any of these topics, and something more than the illustration of notorious facts by means of conventional puppets is essential to the making of live and potential drama. On the score of propriety, there is not a word to be said against this piece. The main speaking in it, if not altogether necessary, is never unwholesome. But it is not useful, because the harping is nearly all on one string, and is consequently monotonous and dull. Of all the characters in the cast there is not one that carries any sympathetic appeal. Even Esther herself, in her stage form, only excites a vague commiseration as the unfortunate victim of weakness, ignorance, and environment. Her lack of individuality, the mere fact that she is only one of the mass—however deplorable and significant that may be to the social student—deprives her of value as a dramatic figure.

The general critical verdict of London is not particularly favorable to the Othello of Forbes-Robertson—now Sir Johnston—but it finds an enthusiastic admirer here and there.

"Ariadne in Naxos," the combination of Molière and Richard Strauss with which Sir Herbert Tree has been experimenting at His Majesty's Theatre in London, seems to have attained only a success of curiosity. It appears that Strauss supplied not only the opera, but a musical accompaniment to Somerset Maugham's compressed and distorted version of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which preceded it. One critic writes:

Lulli, to be sure, wrote a good many incidental songs for its original (1670) form, but that music was confined to the people on the stage; there was nothing in the nature of Richard Strauss's running commentary from the orchestra. Last night you had a meadow of musical margin to a rivulet of dramatic text. And so much the better!

Fred Terry's health is at last said to be fully reestablished. He has been acting in the English provinces, and is now appearing at the London Coronet in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," with Julia Neilson, of course, as the heroine.

Sir John Hare, the famous English actor, has just entered his seventieth year. He made his first appearance on the professional stage at Liverpool, in September, 1864, so that next year he will be able, if he chooses, to celebrate his theatrical jubilee. The stage can ill afford to lose permanently so delicate a comedian.

According to the *London Times*, this

year's spectacle at Olympia, illustrating scenes between the death of Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II, is a remarkable achievement.

Art

A Catalogue of the Ancient Sculptures Preserved in the Municipal Collections of Rome. The Sculptures of the Museo Capitolino, by Members of the British School at Rome. Edited by H. Stuart Jones, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912. Part I, text, \$5.75; Part II, 94 collotype plates, \$15; together, \$19.25.

The absence of scientific, up-to-date catalogues of the Municipal Collections in Rome has hitherto been a serious hindrance to the student of ancient sculpture. The guides by Helbig and Amelung have filled the needs of the ordinary traveller by furnishing descriptions of the more important monuments; but neither aimed at exhaustive or at comprehensive treatment. The task undertaken by the British School at Rome, of making good this omission, is, therefore, one that will find general favor, the more so as the work promises to be of high merit. The first volume, at any rate, which has now appeared, and which deals with the sculptures in the Capitoline Museum, is worthy of the best traditions of English archaeologists. The magnitude of the work undertaken can be gauged by the fact that this volume was started in 1904 and has since kept the various members of the School, who are its authors, busily engaged for eight years.

The plan of the book is as follows: It consists of two parts—a demi 8vo volume of text and a royal 4to volume of plates. In the former every piece of sculpture is described and criticised, both aesthetically and historically; while the latter supplies at least one illustration of every number. The material is arranged, not chronologically, but according to the locality in which it is placed, so that the visitor can visit gallery after gallery, with the catalogue as his guide, without danger of confusion. In the introductory note, written by H. Stuart Jones, the editor and Dr. Ashby, the present director of the School, a concise history of the growth of the collection is given, as well as valuable bibliographies of older books describing or illustrating the Capitoline sculptures.

Such a detailed treatment of the subject necessitated not only a thorough study of each individual piece, but a careful examination of all the old records and inventories of the Museum—a task which must have involved much

patience and concentration. That the book was worth doing is its great compensation, and moreover, having been done thoroughly, much of it will probably never have to be done again. Another matter for congratulation is the full series of illustrations, which shows that the authors were fully alive to what is being more and more recognized, namely, that a catalogue giving descriptions without illustrations is of very limited value.

There is one omission in this book, however, which every student of archaeology will feel. With the vast amount of material treated by the authors, they had a unique opportunity of studying the various phases of Roman sculptural art. An introductory chapter dealing with the results of these investigations would have been most valuable, as at present the literature on this subject is both scanty and generalized. No such account has been attempted in this catalogue. It is hoped that this omission will be supplied in one of the succeeding volumes of the series. These are to deal, respectively, with the sculptures in the Palazzo del Conservatori and with those of the *Magazzino Archeologico* on the Caelian; the Vatican sculptures being already treated in a similar way by Dr. Amelung.

It is impossible in a volume of such large scope, involving the treatment of so many items, to avoid some omissions. It seems almost captious, therefore, to draw attention, for instance, to the absence—in the description of the famous old woman drinking—of the obvious references to similar genre figures, of which the most important is the Old Market Woman in the Metropolitan Museum.

The "Studio Yearbook of Decoration" (Lane) surveys the recent domestic design of England, Germany, Austria, and Hungary. France is omitted apparently because nothing notable is doing there. England's novelties are chiefly of the retrospective sort; the best designers seem completely antiquarian in temper. In interesting contrast is the decoration of Germany and Austria which rejects the "Period" forms and strikes out in the direction of simple and abstract arrangements of color and mass. Many of these interiors are charming and look livable. As is usual with these special numbers of the *Studio* the text is by several competent hands, and there are many plates, some colored.

Mr. Frederick Bradbury has just published, through Macmillans, a handsome volume on the "History of Old Sheffield Plate, being an Account of the Origin, Growth, and Decay of the Industry, and of the Antique Silver and White or Britannia Metal Trade, with Chronological Lists of Makers' Marks and Numerous Illustrations of Specimens." He defines Old Sheffield plate as "the term used to describe articles of flat and hollow-ware for table or do-

mestic use, made of copper coated with silver by fusion; the period of its production dated from near 1743 and lasted for about 100 years; it was then gradually supplanted by electro-plate." One Boulsover (not Boisover) is generally supposed to have invented this process and to have put it to use in making buttons, boxes, etc. Tinning interiors was the next step, being added by Joseph Hancock. In this form the process may be said to be a modification of a method known long before, namely, close plating, or covering steel or similar metal with silver. The invention of double plating occurred between the years 1763 and 1770. Mr. Bradbury traces the early manufacture of old Sheffield plate to various places. There were no makers in Ireland or Scotland. In 1773 assay offices were opened at Birmingham and Sheffield, and while the marking of silver was no doubt greatly in evidence, both silver and Sheffield plate were turned out by the same firms. It is interesting to note, in considering the matter of expense, that one business house had twenty tons of dies. The author takes us to New York early in the last century, when the Sheffield plate industry flourished. The plate was also made in France, Russia, and probably Austria. But between 1852 and 1853 the end came; the majority of the factories were sold, and the dies were melted down for the value of the metal. Meanwhile, between 1830 and 1840, German silver had begun to supersede copper for the purpose of fusing metal; electricity also was used to spread silver and gold over inferior metals. The firm of Christofle, of Paris, employed this latter process first in France, and when the patent expired in 1860, the trade greatly increased.

The author gives excellent advice on how to judge old Sheffield plate and on how to ascertain dates of specimens, and says something about the designers. Collectors are often puzzled why comparatively few specimens bear any marks whatever. It appears that in London space was left for the mark of the retailer, and for this reason the practice of putting on the maker's mark never became universal. Next are given the approximate dates of manufacturers' earliest connection with the fused plate industry previous to 1773. Mr. Bradbury touches on other industries related to old Sheffield plate—the manufacture of silver, old Sheffield and silver-handled cutlery, ivory for handles, antique silver in Sheffield, the Sheffield assay office, the Britannia or white metal industry, founded about 1769, and the origin of pewter. He has rendered a very real service by this attractive book.

From Charles Sedelmeyer, of Paris, we have received a richly illustrated brochure called "The Adulteress before Christ, a Picture by Rembrandt." This canvas, which through M. Sedelmeyer's mediation passed from the Consul Weber collection into the Walker Gallery at Minneapolis, was challenged by Dr. Bredius. After a long controversy and largely on the authority of the famous restorer, Professor Hauser, Dr. Bredius admitted error. M. Sedelmeyer now draws elaborate parallels between *The Adulteress*, which he regards as the central portion of a larger composition, and other works of Rembrandt, and generally moralizes the critical war. The problem of authenticity, which obviously concerns vendor and purchaser,

seems to us devoid of wider significance. This is a very poor picture; if Rembrandt's, quite one of his least inspired. Every confrontation with genuine works made in this monograph tells severely against The Adulteress. In fine, it seems to us not greatly to matter who painted it.

Finance

THE BREAK ON THE STOCK EXCHANGES.

The severe and general liquidation on all of the world's great stock exchanges this past week—as a result of which, even before last Tuesday's heavy break on the Supreme Court's railway rate decision, New York prices went down 5 and 6 points further for many of the most important shares—was in one respect peculiar. In Europe, it came immediately on the heels of the news that the formal peace treaty had been signed between the allies and Turkey; in this country, it followed closely after a period of prolonged stagnation, which outwardly bore the signs of an overdone "bear movement" and of a market which had been "sold to a standstill."

On the foreign stock exchanges, prediction had long been familiar that the turn for the better would come when the Balkan hostilities were definitely ended. On our own, it was a common saying that a month of lifeless markets, coming at the end of a long and severe decline, meant traditionally that the upward turn must be near at hand. Yet the week was marked, both abroad and here, by a series of days of heavy selling at the expense of values, and by the deepening of financial depression.

The case of Europe is not difficult to understand, in the light of the precedent of other wars. Actual signing of peace is, in the first place, reasonably certain to have been "discounted" already on the stock exchanges; but it has also been found that financial conditions generally, in the countries affected by the war, were not necessarily altered by the fact that the war was definitely over. The financial and industrial boom which came along with the signing of our own peace treaty with Spain, in August, 1898, was merely resumption of the forward movement which had been momentarily interrupted by the three-months' war, and which was itself dependent on wholly different causes. The conclusion at Portsmouth, in August, 1905, of the terms of peace between Russia and Japan, came, for one thing, rather unexpectedly, but it also happened to coincide with a brilliant harvest and a speculative rise in prices on all sorts of markets.

But the notable case in point was the sequel to the peace treaty at the end of May, 1902, between England and the

Boers. Consols had fallen, during the two-and-a-half years' fighting, from 111 to 97; it was said that now, at any rate, recovery in those and in other English securities ought to come. Instead, a renewed and continuous decline began; consols themselves touched 95½ in June, after the news of peace; 94½ in August, 92½ in September, and went below 87 in the next few months. With them, the English markets generally fell into depression, which was presently reflected, and with much severity, in New York.

The plain reason of the defeat of London's hopes in 1902 was that financial optimists had failed to distinguish, as causes of the preceding depression, between the influence of the war itself and the influence of reaction from an extravagant and overdone "promoting boom" which the outbreak of that war had punctured. The problem of the present moment, on the European Continent especially, lies in the question, just how far that second influence prevails to-day.

On occasions of this sort it will sometimes happen that financial reaction will be all the more severe, because hopes had been entertained of better things when peace should have been signed. When there are plenty of prospective sellers waiting for such an occasion to dispose of their securities—as there usually are—and when the expected outburst of enthusiasm elsewhere does not come, the actual good news will be received as the very worst news might have been, a month or two before.

To some extent, at least, this action of the European markets governed the past week's action of our own Stock Exchange. How far the resultant break on the New York market was caused by such foreign influences, and how far by apprehensions arising from the home situation itself, will probably always remain a matter of debate. In the present case, conclusions will naturally depend to a large extent on the course of events at home, between now and the end of the year. But the initial influence of financial Europe on our own situation does not admit of doubt.

It is nowadays a matter of general recognition that the collapse of prices in New York, which began in the late summer of 1911, was immediately caused by heavy liquidation from Berlin and London, due to the acutely strained relations which then arose (unknown to the world at large) between the German and English Governments. But that liquidation happened to coincide with harvest disappointments here, in the very same months, and with intimations of an Anti-Trust suit against the United States Steel. This not unusual precedent has been followed this past week; the foreign liquidation came in the face of a disappointing cotton crop estimate,

of news that the growing winter wheat had been more or less impaired, and, this week, of a Supreme Court decision, regarding State and Federal rate-making, which was disappointing to the railways. In the face of such coincidences, it is never possible to prove, to the satisfaction of a financial community, which set of influences predominated.

Undoubtedly, behind all other influences there stands at present, both in Europe and in America, the fact that demand for capital, especially for new securities, seemed to be greater than the immediately available supply. To find the way out from such difficulties, the line of least resistance is frequently the release of capital by thoroughgoing Stock Exchange liquidation. The duration of such a liquidating movement often depends on the extent to which it has already eased that money market. That will sometimes be achieved with unexpected rapidity; but sometimes it will also be attended with temporarily unpleasant incidents in the general situation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Anderson, M. S. *The Flame in the Wind and other Poems*. Louisville, Ky.: Morton & Co.
- Andrews, W. P. *Goethe's Key to Faust*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
- Barrington-Bernard *Correspondence (1760-1770)*. Edited by Edward Channing and A. C. Coolidge. Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. XVIII. Cambridge. \$2.
- Bashford, H. H. *Pity the Poor Blind: a novel*. Holt. \$1.35 net.
- Batifol, Louis. *La Duchesse de Chevreuse*. Paris: Hachette.
- Bodleianum Trecentale: *A Memorial Volume for the three hundredth anniversary of the public funeral of Sir Thomas Bodley*. Frowde.
- Bryce, James. *Presidential Address, Inter-Congress of Historical Studies, London, 1913. Supplementary Remarks by A. W. Ward*. Frowde.
- Bryce, James. *University and Historical Addresses*. Macmillan. \$2.25 net.
- Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1913. London: Scientific Press.
- Byron, Lord. *Selected Poems (World's Classics)*. Frowde.
- Callignot, Robert. *An Ode to Bournemouth, and Other Poems*. London: Bell.
- Call, W. T. *Baseball Code Simplified*. Brooklyn, N. Y.: W. T. Call. 10 cents.
- Call, W. T. *New Method in Multiplication and Division*. Hawthorne, N. J.: C. M. Potterdon. 50 cents.
- Camp, S. G. *Fishing with Floating Flies*. Outing Pub. Co.
- Chamberlain, A. H. *The City School Superintendent*. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press.
- Clemen, Carl. *Der Einfluss der Mysterienreligionen auf das älteste Christentum*. Stechert.
- Clement, E. W. *Handbook of Modern Japan*. Ninth edition, revised. Chicago: McClurg. \$1.40 net.
- Cooke, W. W. *North American Herons*. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
- Dante Alighieri. Edited by C. H. Grandgent. Boston: Heath.
- Dickens Dramatic Reader. Arranged by Fanny Comstock. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.
- Diver, Maud. *Sunla: A Himalayan Idyll, and Other Stories*. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
- Drinkwater, John. *Swinburne: An Estimate*. Dutton. \$1.50 net.
- Earls, Michael. *The Wedding Bells of Glendalough*. Benziger Bros. \$1.35 net.
- Eliot, George. *Romola*. Introduction by Viola Meyrell. (World's Classics.) Frowde.

- Evans, C. S. Nash and Some Others. Longmans. \$1.50 net.
- Fielding-Hall, H. The World Soul. Holt. \$2.75 net.
- Fitchett, W. H. The New World of the South: Australia in the Making. Scribner.
- Fortier, Alcée. Précis de l'Histoire de France. Reprint. Macmillan. 90 cents.
- Fowler, W. W. Kingham Old and New: Studies in a Rural Parish. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell.
- Fox, S. M. This Generation: A Play. Duffield. \$1 net.
- Fuller, A., and Read, B. The Thunderhead Lady. Putnam. \$1 net.
- Hadley, A. T. Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought. Yale Univ. Press. \$1 net.
- Hay, O. P. Description of the Skull of an Extinct Horse, found in Central Alaska. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
- Hyamson, M. Mosaiorum et Romanarum Legum Collatio. Introduction, facsimile, and transcription of the Berlin Codex, translation, notes, and appendices. Frowde.
- Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. VIII, George Rogers Clark Papers—1771-1781. Vol. III, Virginia Series. Springfield.
- Johnson, Clifton. Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains. New edition; The Great Lakes. New edition. Macmillan. \$1.50 net each.
- Jones, Henry. Social Powers. Macmillan. \$1.
- Kendrick, E. W. Practical Sailing and Motor-Boating. McRide, Nast.
- King, H. C. Religion as Life. Macmillan. \$1 net.
- King, Irving. Education for Social Efficiency. D. Appleton. \$1.50 net.
- Kittredge, G. L., and Farley, F. E. An Advanced English Grammar, with exercises. Boston: Ginn.
- Laird & Lee's Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Chicago. 80 cents.
- Lee, G. S. Crowds: A Moving-Picture of Democracy. Doubleday, Page. \$1.35 net.
- Lutz, G. L. H. Lo, Michael! Phila.: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
- Lybyer, A. H. The Government of the Ottoman Empire in the Time of Suleiman the Magnificent. Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. XVII. Cambridge. \$2.
- Macaulay's Essays on Oliver Goldsmith, Frederic the Great, and Madame D'Arblay. Edited for school use by A. G. Newcomer. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 30 cents.
- Macdonell, Lady. Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life. Macmillan. \$3 net.
- McMurry, F. M. Elementary School Standards (School Efficiency Series). Youkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Co. \$1.50.
- Madan, A. C. Lala-Lamba-Wisa and English Dictionary. Frowde.
- Marriott, J. A. R. The French Revolution of 1848 in its Economic Aspect. Vol. I, Louis Blanc's Organisation du Travail; Vol. II, Emile Thomas's Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux. Frowde. \$2 each.
- Martin, E. S. The Unrest of Women. D. Appleton. \$1.10.
- Nyström-Hamilton, Louise. Ellen Key: Her Life and Her Work. Trans. by A. E. B. Fries. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
- Palfrey, S. H. Harvest-Home. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
- Parker, Gilbert. Vols. XV, XVI. The Weavers. (Imperial edition.) Scribners.
- Parsons, E. C. The Old-Fashioned Woman. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
- Picard's La Petite Ville. Edited by J. C. Dawson. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
- Pickett, La Salle C. (Mrs. G. E. Pickett). Pickett and His Men. Phila.: Lippincott. \$2.50 net.
- Plautus's Aulularia. Edited by E. J. Thomas. Frowde.
- Pollard, H. B. C. A Busy Time in Mexico. Duffield.
- Powicke, F. M. The Loss of Normandy (1189-1204). Longmans. \$5 net.
- Prowse, R. O. James Hurd: A Novel. Phila.: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
- Riggs, A. S. France from Sea to Sea. McBride, Nast. \$1.25 net.
- Rivers, W. C. Walt Whitman's Anomaly. London: George Allen & Co.
- Ruge, Clara. On the Road: A Drama in One Act. Modern Library. 15 cents.
- Schurz, Carl. Speeches, Correspondence, Political Papers. 6 vols. Putnam.
- Seaman, A. H. Little Mamselle of the Wilderness. Sturgis & Walton. \$1.25 net.
- Shelley, P. B. Selected Poems. (Pocket edition, World's Classics.) Frowde.
- Simons, S. E., and Orr, C. I. Dramatization. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. \$1.25.
- Sprading, C. T. Liberty and the Great Libertarians. Los Angeles: The Author. \$1.50.
- Statesman's Year-Book, 1913. Macmillan. \$3 net.
- Sturrock, Dudley. The Distant Drum. Lane. \$1.25 net.
- Swindler, M. H. Cretan Elements in the Cults and Ritual of Apollo. Bryn Mawr College Monographs.
- Tabor, Grace. Suburban Gardens. Outing Pub. Co.
- Tarn, W. W. Antigones Gonatas. Frowde.
- Thomas, Edmund. What You Should Tell Your Boy. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.
- Thwing, C. F. Letters from a Father to his Daughter Entering College. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.
- Tridon, André. The New Unionism. Huebsch. \$1 net.
- Valzey, Mrs. G. de H. An Unknown Lover. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
- Weaver, Lawrence. The "Country Life" Book of Cottages. London: Country Life.
- Webster's Secondary School Dictionary. Abridged from the New International Dictionary. American Book Co. \$1.50.
- Wirl, Julius. Orpheus in der Englischen Literatur. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.
- Woolf, L. S. The Village in the Jungle. Longmans. \$1.40 net.
- Yearbook, U. S. Department of Agriculture. 1912. Washington.
- Young, F. E. M. Myles Calthorpe. Lane. \$1.25 net.
- Younghusband, Francis. Within: Thoughts during Convalescence. Duffield.

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